MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 24, 1959 Canada's National Magazine 15 CENTS

Beginning
a brilliant
wartime
leader's new
memoirs of

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME

AUTHOR ALANBROOKE with Eisenhower and Churchill in Western Europe, 1944.

How 'bout that little
Janie of mine!

Happy Birthday
Norman Rockwell

She gave me a PARKER 61...
the one pen a man really hopes
to own someday!

You know how it is when it's your birthday. You come home sort of expecting the family to make a fuss.

But you sure don't expect anything like this. My little Janie gave me a Parker 61 Pen ... the one pen a man really hopes to own someday. Must have saved her allowance for months.

I'd used a Parker 61 once before. My boss has one. I'd noticed the good feel of it and the easy way it puts your thoughts on paper. Noticed, too, how proud the boss is of his Parker 61. And now I've got one of my own. It even fills by itself ... you put the reservoir part in the ink bottle and the point stays high and dry.

Guess I'd rather have a Parker 61 Pen than any other gift in the world. Especially this Parker 61! Janie gave it to me.

Custom $27.50*
Heritage $25.00*
Legacy $22.50*
Sets $30.00 to $40.00*

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Parker 61 CAPILLARY PEN *the world's most wanted pen*
Parker Pen Co., Ltd. [illegible] Ontario (Metropolitan Toronto)

[illegible]

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

✓ Our next TV hero / New tattoos for beatniks

✓ The library that'll be strictly female

WILL OUR NEXT TV HERO be Yukon bush pilot Dan Regan? North Vancouver film producer Lou Parry is gambling $60,000 that he will be. Parry's off to New York this month, hoping to sell the pilot installment of a series called North of 53. A sale will mean a go-ahead on 38 other episodes featuring the fictional Regan in escapades based on real-life bush pilots' adventures. The outdoor shots will be authentic Yukon, but "Regan" won't: he's Hollywood's Don Megowan.

SELWYN DEWDNEY
Art for history's sake

CENTURIES-OLD PAINTINGS on rock faces of lakeside cliffs in northern Ontario promise new clues about pre-historic Indians. In the first systematic effort to record the "pictographs" (some show animals, others are symbols) London, Ont., artist Selwyn Dewdney, 49, has spent three summers photographing, tracing and measuring 78 of them in 70 locations for the Quetico Foundation, the Royal Ontario Museum and Minnesota's Wilderness Centre. Next year's target area: Manitoba's Whiteshell Forest Reserve, near the Ontario border.

NAKED WOMEN, MERMAIDS, hearts and snakes — all traditional designs for tattoo lovers — are due for some space age competition. Typical of new skin pictures being offered by several of Canada's 11 tattoo artists: man in a space helmet; typical slogans: "Join the navy and see the universe," and for beatniks, "Blessed, blessed oblivion."

INSTEAD OF "FREEZING" your gums, your dentist may soon be offering you a pair of earphones. A dentist and a psychologist in Cambridge, Mass., claim 90 percent success in using noise as a pain eliminator in 1,000 dental cases — including 200 extractions. Patients pick their own tape-recorded music selection, and the dentist combines that with a recording of raucous noise. Together, the sounds induce insensitivity to pain.

JEAN NEWMAN
Art for artists' sake

CANADIAN ARTISTS can look forward to more recognition—and sales—than ever before thanks to the spread of art rental services. Many art lovers in Vancouver, Edmonton, London, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal are already renting their culture by the month, mostly through nonprofit auxiliaries of city art galleries. Now the idea's spreading to Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg. It'll mean more sales because a client who rents a picture (usually for two percent per month of the purchase price) often winds up buying it on installments. The artist gets about 85 percent of the take. Most unusual rental gallery: Mrs. Jean Newman's privately run Artenders of Montreal—a suburban living room crammed with 200 paintings bearing such names as A. Y. Jackson, Grant Macdonald, Henri Masson, Jack Shadbolt and R. York Wilson.

BRAND-NEW CLOTHES EVERY DAY will be a practical possibility for Canadian factory workers and lab technicians if a Philadelphia manufacturer decides to market his new product north of the border. Several thousand U.S. workers are already using the disposable paper-based work pants (74 cents), shirts (82 cents), hats (seven cents) and boots (29 cents).

A "FEMININE" LIBRARY—with all its books by women or about women—is taking shape in Winnipeg. The National Council of Women of Canada, representing 650,000 women across the nation, has collected 1,000 volumes, wants another 4,000 before opening shop. Its material—mostly non-fictional works on the history of women of all countries and eras — will be available to writers, students and social researchers.

BLONDAL
HART
DAVIES
HUNTER
KALANI

BRIGHT BEGINNINGS FOR 5 LIVELY ARTISTS

People to watch

NOVELIST Patricia Blondal, Montreal doctor's wife, who has U.S. and Canadian publishers dickering over her second novel, A Candle to Light the Sun (her first was serialized in Chatelaine). Candle, set in Souris, Man. (with a fictional name), could start a conflagration; one publisher calls it "a Canadian Peyton Place."

TV COMMENTATOR Rick Hart, 38, of CBC's new late-Sunday night show Background. He'd had little TV experience when he left Saskatoon last spring as a political science graduate "absolutely determined" to get into television. Now producer Cliff Solway, rating him a "100 percent performer," is bringing him up fast—backing him with hard-hitting scripts on national and world affairs and with outspoken guests invited to pull no punches.

BALLET STUDENT Susan Davies, 14 this month, youngest person yet to receive a Canada Council grant. Daughter of an Edmonton clerk, she's back for a second year (this time at her parents' expense) at Britain's Royal Ballet School. Rated among the school's most promising students, she's already danced at Albert Hall.

RADIO SINGER-GUITARIST Tommy Hunter, whose pop-and-western musical show has replaced a program that was as old as he is (22), the Happy Gang. Starting as a summer replacement, Hunter quickly corralled the Gang's 500,000 listeners and kept them with him as the fall season opened. Now he's in big demand for personal appearances — which he fits between stints on radio and TV (he's featured on Country Hoedown).

PIANIST Andrea Kalani, 14, Vancouver merchant's daughter, who's been winning B.C. Music Festival prizes since she was six. Now she'll soon be traveling for five years' study in Kiev—invited there by Soviet musicians who heard her at this year's World Youth Festival in Vienna. Says John Avison, conductor of Vancouver's CBC Chamber Orchestra: "I don't think there's any doubt she'll be a first rate pianist."

EAST-WEST TRADE WAR Will Canada get hurt?

KHRUSHCHOV'S GONE, but behind him he's left a threat to the West's economic position: "We will catch up with you and we will pass you."

Can they do it? If so, how will Canada be affected?

The Chinese-Soviet bloc isn't as strong, economically, as Khrushchov likes to make out. Of the world's major resources they have only 24% of all steel, 36% of coal, 12% of crude oil, 17% of primary aluminum, 18% of electric power.

Nor is Russia gaining as fast as Khrushchov implies. While Soviet exports have tripled since 1950 at $8 billion they're still $2 billion below Canada's. And under its present seven-year plan, Russia will need a decade to catch up with the West, even assuming there's no new growth in the free world.

Does this postpone Russia's economic threat to Canada? Hardly. In the immediate future Russia'll be trying to sell more and more of the products that are Canada's export staples—newsprint, aluminum, base metals, asbestos. Lacking capitalism's motive for a profit on each deal, the Russians could easily undercut Canadian prices and lure away many of our old traditional customers.

Says one U.S. expert: "The thrust of Soviet competition will fall mainly on such nations as Canada."

WINTER OLYMPICS Canada's chances

PAUL & WAGNER
A cinch

SINCE THE PAN American games in Chicago two months ago, Canada's reputation in the international sports arena has drooped badly. Canadians brought home seven Pan Am medals, but none were for prestige events (track, rowing).

Insiders say Canada's chances in next summer's Olympics aren't much better.

Thus Canada's one early chance to recoup will come next February at Olympic winter events in Squaw Valley, Calif. There in four events Canadians will be almost a cinch for one medal, strong contenders for two others and hopeful of a fourth.

Barbara Wagner and Bob Paul, Toronto, the world's best figure-skating twosome (three championships) since 1957, are considered a cinch to win the pairs event.

Anne Heggtveit, 20, of Ottawa, Canada's only international calibre skier (now that Lucile Wheeler's quit), won the Alpine event in Austria last winter. Now she's favored to win again.

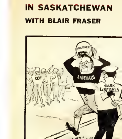
Don Jackson, of Oshawa, Ont., coached by Pierre Brunet (teacher of world champion Carol Heiss), stands more chance than ever before of catching up with perennial men's singles champion Dave Jenkins of the U.S. Jenkins lost two months' training through injury, meanwhile Jackson's improved.

Kitchener-Waterloo Dutchmen, defeated by Russia's Olympic hockey team in '56, have some hope of regaining the title. But they won't be able to use ex-pros, as other Canadian teams did in non-Olympic victories in '58 and '59. The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association has loosened its transfer rules to give the Dutchmen every chance of recruiting the best 15 "amateurs"; but how good will they be?

BACKSTAGE

IN SASKATCHEWAN

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Thatcher now a right wing Liberal will be campaigning against old CCF cronies

PRAIRIE LIBERALS GO FOR BROKE

Can Ross Thatcher beat the CCF?

REGINA

Saskatchewan Liberals adopted a go-for-broke strategy when they picked Ross Thatcher as their leader last month. Thatcher is still famous for having worsted CCF Premier Tommy Douglas in a campaign debate last year and he has promised Douglas "the fight of his life" at the provincial election next June. If Thatcher wins or even comes close enough to shake the redoubtable Tommy and the sixteen-year-old CCF regime he will give the Liberal Party a new lease of life in Saskatchewan and a much-needed boost throughout Canada. But if he is badly beaten then the Liberals are through on the prairies for a long time and they know it.

Thatcher's supporters back him because they think he can win. If the team keeps on losing they say the thing to do is fire the quarterback. They leave no doubt that the new quarterback will deserve the same fate if he can't win ball games.

Even his enemies admit that Ross Thatcher is the most dynamic colorful and aggressive of all available candidates in Saskatchewan and the only one with any hope of beating Tommy Douglas in June. His opponents at the convention almost openly conceded defeat next year and talked of "sitting out the storm while preserving 'true Liberalism' in the hands of those who had fought the Liberal battle through the lean years since 1944. Thatcher shot back a challenge to "choose the man you think has the best chance to beat Tommy Douglas not twelve years or eight years or even four years from now but ten months from now at the next election." If he turns that fabulous trick all bitterness will dissolve in victory. If not it may be the party that dissolves.

Thatcher carried the convention on the first ballot by more than two to one over all opponents combined but the party splits are deeper than the one-sided vote would indicate. After all it is only five years since Ross Thatcher sat in the House of Commons as a CCF member for Moose Jaw. He was elected three times as a CCFer but never as a Liberal (though he tried twice). In 1956 he became a Liberal as he says "not by accident but by conviction," when he crossed the floor to join Louis St Laurent's forces, but he did so only after careful appraisals of the Conservative and Social Credit parties too. Many a Liberal Old Guardsman thinks him if not a renegade at best an upstart Johnny-come-lately.

Moreover Thatcher broke with the CCF because his own views had shifted to the right, farther than those of many a Liberal colleague. When the Liberals introduced their old-age pension for all Thatcher argued for a means test: nobody should get it he said who has an income of five thousand dollars or more. He used to belabor the federal Liberals for "waste and extravagance" in much the same terms as he uses now in denouncing socialism."

When he won his famous debate against Tommy Douglas last year (and even CCF listeners admitted that he did win) the topic was CCF crown corporations, and Thatcher was a devastating critic. But many Liberals think that most of the CCF's crown corporations are useful and popular and even Ross Thatcher himself says he would abolish only a few of the minor ones and let the rest alone. He is suspected despite his indignant denials, of being anti-labor — not because of anything he himself has said or done but because of the known views of some of his supporters. Of one Regina businessman who is backing Thatcher an acquaintance said "he used to regard Senator Taft as a wild-eyed radical."

Thatcher's opponents say these right-wing backers include some who are normally Conservatives and who swung to Thatcher as a likelier champion than Conservative leader Martin Pederson to slay the dragon socialism. The charge that these are "not real Liberals" was borne out by discovery that they had put up campaign funds (reportedly fifty thousand dollars in donations and pledges) on the express stipulation that Ross Thatcher must lead the Liberal campaign. If he had lost they'd have got their money back.

Many of Thatcher's men rich and poor compare him to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker the other hard-talking fire-breathing giant killer from Saskatchewan. They point out and in fact reporters could notice for themselves that Thatcher's rhetorical style has lately acquired some distinct resemblance to Diefenbaker's. To men who are bent on victory this comparison is encouraging, but some Liberals find it odious.

This was the kind of thing that led Alex Cameron, the MLA from Maple Creek who was Thatcher's chief opponent to say in his nomination speech "When they say 'To hell with Liberalism let's go out and beat the CCF' I say Look at the plight of our country today led by men who tried to assume power without principle. As for me I'd rather go down to defeat with honor than win by selling the Liberal party short."

But the deepest scars were left not by ideological differences or by the Old Guard's hostility to new brooms but by the way the leadership issue came up in the first place. Hammie Macdonald the retiring Liberal leader resigned "for reasons of health" last summer and it's perfectly true that he is unwell. He has diabetes, and his doctors warned him against the stress and travel fatigue that a provincial leader must incur. But although his ill health is genuine, his resignation was not spontaneous. It was requested, after a certain amount of undercover campaigning among dissatisfied Grits. Ross Thatcher was in the confidence of these malcontents from the outset.

Even among Liberals who were backing Thatcher as "the only man who can win," I found some who felt uneasy about the way they had treated Hammie Macdonald. He himself seemed to have no regrets at all — his doctors say he'll be a good deal better in a year or two and then he hopes to enter the federal field — but there was some unmistakable bitterness in the valedictory speech he made to the convention.

"I hope" said Macdonald "that the new leader won't have to put up with the kind of backbiting that's gone on in our party for the last four years. Some Liberals look on their party as some fans look on the (cellar-dwelling) REGINA ROUGH RIDERS — If you lose a game, fire the quarterback or get a new coach. ... I think if some of these terrific organizers and planners would go out and get themselves elected to something even dog-catcher it might do them a lot of good."

That sort of talk fell sweetly on the ears of Saskatchewan CCFers. They have been smarting for eighteen months over the drubbing Ross Thatcher gave Tommy Douglas in the debate a year and a half ago and they detest him anyway as a traitor and renegade from their own party ranks. Most of them, including Premier Douglas himself, assure every enquirer that they'd been hoping and praying that the Liberals would be foolish enough to pick Thatcher as leader.

Certainly Thatcher will sting them into feverish activity and out of the apathy that tends to grow on governments long in power for he asks no quarter and pulls no punches. His nomination speech was studded with such roadhouse swings as these:

"The CCF has a political machine as powerful and as dangerous as anything in the world, except maybe the Russian Cominform."

"We have thousands of New Canadians who have come to this country seeking refuge from socialism. If it's such a wonderful system why have so many risked their very lives to escape from it?"

"People in other provinces must be made to realize that the Socialist organization in Canada is an octopus with tentacles in all the provinces but with its head right here in Saskatchewan."

Saskatchewan's CCFers more accustomed to being sneered at as milk-and-water pinks than denounced as reds, react to this language with a kind of delighted rage. "Let me at him," is their reply. But I talked to one veteran CCFer who disagreed with the conventional view that Thatcher will be their easiest mark.

"Up to now" he said "the Liberals have been only half-heartedly against us. They kept repeating that they would keep the good things we had done in effect that they'd do the same things but do them better. This didn't convince anybody. Now here comes Ross Thatcher and he is really against us — no fooling. To the other people who are against us, he offers a real alternative — and when you've been in power for sixteen years, there'll always be a good many people against you. I think we may have a tough fight." ★

BACKSTAGE IN SUPERMARKETS' TRADING-STAMP WAR

Anyone for a mink stole? Some housewives can hardly wait

HOW MANY GROCERIES must a housewife buy to cash in on her supermarket's stamp saving scheme?

Several hundred thousand Ontario housewives have been overlooking or ignoring that rather pertinent question since late August when three major supermarket chains began pushing the stamps over check-out counters in 273 stores (All told about two million Canadians are saving the stamps now. Quebec stores have offered them since last January.)

Tempted if not entirely fascinated, by the idea of getting ten stamps for every dollar's worth of purchases pasting the stamps into booklets redeeming the booklets for catalogued premiums most housewives have been too busy licking stamps and thumbing catalogues to figure the percentages.

Even the most outspoken critic of savings stamps, the militant 25,000 member Canadian Association of Consumers (Preview Aug 15) has been concentrating its attack on other questionable aspects of stamp schemes arguing mainly that they mean higher prices.

Meanwhile, the three stamp-happy chains (Loblaw Steinberg Power) have been insisting prices remain stable. They say costs are paid partly through increased sales volume and that normal promotional budgets cover the rest.

But neither side in arguments answer a basic question the housewife could reasonably ask "How much do I have to buy to get the premium item I want?"

Maclean's scanned the chains' premium catalogues and found

✔ to get the cheapest premium (a storage bag for blankets) a shopper must spend $75—enough to buy 258 boxes of corn flakes

✔ for an electric kettle she must spend $800 — equivalent to 4,571 cans of pork and beans

✔ one of the most expensive prizes a combination floor and rug cleaner means $6,000 in purchases—such as 29,686 large cans of tomato juice

✔ the supreme prize, a mink stole (offered only by Power) would mean buying $37,500 worth of goods — say 25,000 pounds of $1.50-a-pound steak

The housewife who spends $25 a week at the supermarket would thus wait three weeks for the blanket bag, seven months for the kettle and 4½ years for the floor-and-rug cleaner.

The mink stole? It's all hers for free, in just 28 years and eight months. — JOAN TURNBULL

Backstage IN WASHINGTON

Uncle Sam's quota-free import: Canadian brains

WILLIAMS

MURRAY

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, Uncle Sam found himself faced with a most unusual embarrassment. Midway in an international commodity conference the Americans who were dickering with Canada discovered their chief delegate was not one of their own but a Canadian. He'd lived in the U S for many years risen to prominence in government service and on this occasion assumed leadership of the U S delegation without giving his citizenship a second thought.

But that incident hasn't inhibited the U S from recruiting several hundred men of Canadian birth and posting many in highly influential positions. Four in fact are only a rung or two below cabinet level.

Dr John Harry Williams, 51 born in Atherton Que schooled in Kelowna (B C) High School and the University of B C took postgraduate work in California. Now he's on the powerful five-man U S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Dr. Joseph V Charyk born in Canmore Alta took a bachelor of science degree at the University of Alberta then a master's at California Institute of Technology. Now as assistant secretary of the U.S. Air Force he's boss of all the USAF's research and development.

Dr John P Hagen, from Amherst, N S was educated mostly in the U S. Now assistant director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration he masterminded the launching of the first U S satellite Vanguard I which is still in orbit. It won him the Distinguished Public Service Award.

Dr. O A Fitzgerald was born on a Saskatchewan wheat farm and educated at universities in Saskatchewan and Iowa. Now as deputy director of the International Cooperation Administration he's in charge of U S foreign aid.

Among 20 or more federal politicians who had Canadian parents, there's at least one who was born in Canada: **Senator James Murray,** Montana Democrat from Kitchener (then Berlin) Ont. Now he gives the Canadian mining industry a bad time by championing protective measures against Canadian mineral imports.

Other high ranking Washingtonians from Canada:

Clarence Ferguson, born and educated in Ontario is director of the U S Agriculture Department's extension service.

David Lusher Montreal-born graduate of McGill University is a senior member of the president's council of economic advisors.

Does all this mean Uncle Sam's due for another embarrassing incident? Not likely. Every one of these Canadian expatriates is now a U S citizen.

—C. KNOWLTON NASH

REYNOLDS
How rocky is the middle road?

Backstage

IN THE

UNITED CHURCH DOGMA DISPUTE

RUMORS OF A SCHISM in the nation's largest Protestant church, the 980,000-member United Church of Canada, have often cropped up in its 35-year history. But seldom has any rumor seemed to have more foundation in fact than the current one — stemming from honest differences over some very basic articles of faith.

The points in question have just appeared in a little yellow-covered booklet called Life and Death: A Study of the Christian Hope, representing four years' toil by 43 of the church's top theologians. For the first time in any United Church literature, the booklet (1) admits some probationary state may exist after death (it pointedly avoids the Roman Catholic term "purgatory"); (2) suggests prayers might help departed souls attain entry into Heaven; (3) rejects the idea of Hell as a place of everlasting torment.

Basis for the rumor: the loud, harsh reaction from a few of the church's fundamentalists, who've demanded biblical proof of all three contentions while hinting darkly that the committee's paving a road straight to Rome. Even some committee members disagree sharply with these sections (three or four voted against them). One member, John M Wilkin of Toronto's Deer Park United Church, even confesses being "quite surprised" to find so many of his colleagues supporting the idea of purgatory and ultimate salvation.

How true is the rumor? Maclean's asked more than a dozen United Church ministers in Toronto area if they expect a schism. Their unanimous answer was expressed the most forcefully if unecclesiastically by the Rev Ernest Howse of Bloor United Church: "Tommyrot!"

The Rev A G Reynolds of Emmanuel Theological College Toronto, editor of the booklet and author of its most controversial sections, says they're "intended to provoke discussion" and represent an attempt to hew a middle path between the fundamentalists who read the Bible literally and those who believe there's room for elaboration and broad interpretation of the Bible.

How will the two factions reconcile their differences? They won't. Since the executive of the church's General Council has approved the booklet, ministers belonging to the non-fundamentalist faction can quote it to their hearts' content, thus enjoying what they've long wanted: a closer theological kinship with Anglicans. Meanwhile fundamentalists can ignore any or all of the booklet on the grounds that the church's supreme body, the General Council itself, has never made it official church doctrine and is most unlikely to do so in the foreseeable future.

Thus it seems certain that United Church ministers and their congregations will do just as they've done with such hot issues as the moral aspects of liquor and the remarriage of divorced persons: go right on agreeing to disagree — as united as ever.

Background

TRAFFIC JAM?

They're planning to do some road-paving in Yellowknife N.W.T., and for good reason. Yellowknife has 21 taxicabs, nearly 300 private cars, a local bus service — and just seven miles of paved roads.

MECHANICAL PATRIOT

Automation's newest achievement: flag raising. The National Research Council has developed an automatic flagpole that raises a flag at dawn, lowers it at dusk, turns it according to prevailing winds and dries and stores it at night in a heated cylinder. Ottawa's considering using one on each of 5,000 federal buildings across Canada.

LUXURIOUS POKEY

If you *must* go to jail try Kitchener Ont. Its new $703,000 police station offers 24 pastel-colored cells with subdued lighting, foot-high beds (in case you fall out), valve-controlled cell showers to prevent suicide by scalding, two padded cells for berserk inmates, a bar-less block of cells for night lodgers and voluntary prisoners — plus elevator service straight up into court. "We want our prisoners to be comfortable," says police chief John Patrick.

PATRICK

HARD TIMES FOR MPs

Canada's MPs already get $10,000 a year, free mailing and train travel privileges and 35-cent haircuts in their own barbershop. But when the government decided to renovate Parliament Hill's west block, backbenchers began dreaming of a gym, a swimming pool, a bowling alley and a tunnel to the centre block. Then Prime Minister Diefenbaker decided what they *would* get: more office space.

ADMEN REVOLT

"Thou shalt not mention thy competitors by name" has long been among the advertising man's commandments. Not any more. Toronto's Dodge DeSoto dealers have been frankly wooing Ford's and General Motors old customers with show room draws for hockey tickets. Promotion ads specified that only Chevrolet owners were eligible for the first draw; later ads invited owners of Fords and Meteors, then Pontiacs, to try their luck.

Editorial

Tight money or inflation: we have to take our choice

WE ARE PUZZLED by the cries of alarm that are still being uttered by those who would protect us against inflation. What is it, exactly, that these people want the government to do?

Everything that's been done this year in the management of money has been anti-inflationary. The minister of finance, bravely eating the words of two recent election campaigns, put taxes up in order to reduce his budget deficit. He managed to reduce it by at least a third, perhaps by half, and he has good hope of balancing the budget next year without further changes in tax rates. In his borrowing to plug the gap that still remains between his income and his outlay, he resisted the temptation to get the money from the Bank of Canada (which would have had the same effect as simply printing it) and borrowed instead from the true savings of the general public. To do this he had to set a very high interest rate on a bond issue of $325 million and allow the interest to rise very high on his short-term loans as well, but he went ahead and did it.

Meanwhile the Bank of Canada stubbornly refused, in the face of considerable pressure, to expand the money supply by buying government bonds from the chartered banks. Instead it allowed bond prices to fall and interest rates to rise accordingly, until the banks could no longer afford to sell bonds at a loss in the open market. So the banks became short of cash, and had to curtail their loans to would-be borrowers. That's the effect of a so-called "tight money policy," which we had under the Liberals in 1956 and 1957 and which we now have again under the Conservatives. It's the classic defense against inflation.

Whether a "tight money policy" is wise at this time we leave to the economists. When and when not to expand the money supply is a very delicate and difficult question of judgment on which the average man's opinion is entirely worthless. But if the average man cannot be consulted on these important matters, he has the right at least to a sense-making account of what is being done to his money. He isn't getting one now.

The government is so anxious to deny any connection with the current "tight money policy" that its statements have become completely fatuous. This perhaps was to be expected — "tight money" has an unpopular sound, as the Liberals learned two years ago. There is less excuse for the wolf-crying watchmen who continue to see inflation around every corner, despite the fact that both North American governments are fighting off inflation as hard as they dare. We suggest that these people stop hollering until they are hurt.

Mailbag

- Adoption agencies too tough on prospective parents?
- The "ambiguities" of Canadian political parties
- Frog-catchers on the road to delinquency

RAY GARDNER in his article, Portrait of a High School (Sept 12) says, "Robert W. Service attended the school for exactly forty days in 1904 before jumping off for the north and eventual fame as a poet." Seeing that Robert Service was born in 1874, wasn't 30 years rather old for a high-school student, even for one staying only 40 days, or is this another of the many legends which have already gathered around the name of Robert W. Service? — D. D. SMITH, TORONTO

Gardner says: It does seem strange that he would attend high school at the age of thirty even if for only forty days, but Vancouver school officials assure me this is so. Incidentally, his name appears on the school honour roll, which has all those former students who served in World War I.

Adoption problems

Your report on adoption policies in Canada (Sept 26) was extremely just—albeit long overdue. Let us hope this spark lights a fire of hope for us (five years waiting) and the thousand like us. — MR. AND MRS. R. F. BOYD, WINNIPEG

It's fortunate for most happy families and mankind that the natural requirements for qualification as parents are not so high as those of the adoption agencies. Congratulations on a good article. — L. HUTCHINSON, OTTAWA

Delinquency and Snakes

A paragraph in Background, Sept 26 issue, suggests that Juniors might make some money selling snakes, lizards, frogs and salamanders for scientific research. Surely children should be brought up to have respect and consideration for all living things and the idea of letting them cash in on the distress of animals revolts me beyond words. We hear so much about juvenile delinquency and kids being "tough." Is it any wonder when the adults encourage them in such unpleasant and cruel activities? — MRS. EVELYN SMITH, VANCOUVER

A university's gimmicks

While it might appear unduly modest, the Brakeley organization must in all honesty disclaim credit for the so-called "gimmicks" of the University of Toronto publicity program described in your Preview item Colleges Watch the Grinds' Pitchmen (Sept 26). The retail publicity members of George Lawrence's volunteer public information committee, most of them Varsity graduates, both conceived and are actively carrying out the extensive effort to draw public attention to the national fund for the University of Toronto. The role played by representatives of this company is primarily that of on-the-job consultants performing their advisory responsibilities under the direction of the volunteer committee. — ARTHUR R. MAYALL, VICE-PRESIDENT, G. A. BRAKELEY & CO. LTD., TORONTO.

Civic political parties?

Professor W. D. Young (We need political parties in civic government, Sept 26) has dealt incisively with a problem endemic to all municipal governments. But his major argument is based upon a rather shaky premise. He assumes that there are political parties in Canada with platforms. It is doubtful whether such parties exist, as the history of Canada shows. The nature of federalism is to obscure differences of opinion. If no politically differentiated parties exist at the federal level, what purpose is served by transferring their ambiguities and ambivalences to the municipal level? — R. B. MARCH, FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

I would go a little further and suggest that we remodel our federal, provincial and municipal elections along the lines of the American system. The complaint is frequently made in newspapers when one election follows another that people are tired of voting. Well, if we voted for federal, provincial, and municipal candidates at the same time, with "off-year" elections every two years for municipal candidates, this would overcome these too frequent elections. And as Mr. Young says, we would know what we were voting for in municipal elections, which we do not now. — MISS M. E. JOLLOW, BRANDON, MAN.

Mystery compounded

I was much interested in your Canadianecdote, Waterloo County's Great Tombstone Mystery (Sept 12). I took the trouble to work out the cryptogram on the tombstone—a very tedious process—and found that K. W. Renwick's wording of it contained one small mistake. Where he has it "two better wives no man ever had," it actually reads "two better wives one man never had." It's a small point but after going to the trouble to trace it out I thought I'd write to let you know. No doubt many other readers will note the same mistake. — C. A. HERRING, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

Gilmour anti-British?

It's a good thing I don't pay too much attention to Clyde Gilmour's opinions on movies. He rates Sapphire as a British whodunit — fair. Perhaps he's prejudiced against the British! I saw this picture and in my humble opinion it's great. The theme (racial) was well carried out, and the acting excellent. — MISS F. FRANCIS, EDMONTON

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 102

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It all started when Ted Rogers made batteries old fashioned!

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The world of electronics is fascinating. The sort of inventiveness that led Ted Rogers to the world's first batteryless radio is at a premium. But inventiveness and ingenuity alone aren't nearly enough. The practical problems of production have to be faced, too, and that brings us squarely around to Rogers Majestic where we've always placed a premium on both aspects.

You're in good hands! Perhaps the picture on the opposite page best tells the story. The tiny component she's building with infinite care you may never see but it could affect you in many ways. A safe instrument flight across the Atlantic, the taxi that's at your door in minutes after you call, the X-ray machine in your doctor's office, we have hundreds of pairs of hands like hers that work in all these fields. And these same hands work much closer to home, too . . . your home that is . . . building Rogers Majestic television, radio and high fidelity sets. Tomorrow who knows what they may be building.

Dial your dinner? For instance, there's an electronic kitchen being talked about that takes the food from the freezer, cooks it, serves it—and all you have to do is push a few buttons to tell it what you want. It even makes the dishes while it cooks the meal, moulds them out of powdered plastic. After dinner you can throw the dishes away or put them through a grinder that powders them up for re-use next meal.

Interested? Then how about an electrostatic wand that attracts all the dust within four or five feet, or rooms that light up or if you prefer, even change colour, all with the wave of a hand.

Electronic banking is here now, of course, and soon you'll see electronic restaurants where the only human touch is the inevitable cashier.

Things are developing so quickly these days that science fiction writers are hard-pressed to beat the newspaper headlines. And yet it's still only 34 years since Ted Rogers made the batteries old-fashioned!

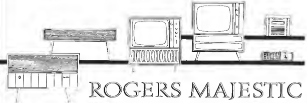
Just keeping up with the pace is a hectic enough task. Staying a little ahead, and that's where Rogers Majestic have always preferred to be, calls for something extra. And that something extra is reflected in everything Rogers Majestic make.

Sometimes we're slowpokes! You won't find Rogers Majestic sets around in vast quantities because we'd rather build patiently and surely, and that does take a little longer. One out of every four of our people is an inspector. That will give you some idea of what we mean. Every set we make is checked at every stage of its production. It's re-checked and re-checked. When it goes out, it's right.

And we don't stop with technical excellence, either. Our styling department is just as meticulous, just as concerned with staying ahead. Here we'd like to refer you to the bottom of the page. We think these sets speak for themselves.

How about you? So . . . what does it all add up to? Simply that Rogers Majestic sets are different. And they are just a little bit better in every department because we just won't build them any other way. Incidentally, don't let this worry you about price. Being built better doesn't mean they have to cost more. It's knowing how to go about it that makes the difference and you'll find Rogers Majestic sets are not expensive. After all, we're business men as well as electronics engineers . . . and we do like our sets to sell.

We hope you'll take our words to heart and at least go and have a look at a Rogers Majestic set. You'll find our dealers listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. Not too many of them, though, because we're a bit selective. Any one of them will be delighted to see you. Do it soon, won't you.



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THE COVER

The last news photo Maclean's used on the cover showed Canadian soldiers in Korea. That was in 1951. Now we've reached further back into history for this shot of Field Marshal Alanbrooke in France in 1944 with Eisenhower and Churchill — two "Giants of Our Time."

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: [illegible] Imperial War Museum [illegible] Wm. Collins Sons & Co. Ltd.

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IT'S A SOUND IDEA TO LOOK TO SPARTON FOR QUALITY

London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What Mr. Westropp saw in Canada

Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Edward Westropp of London, England. Mr. Westropp has been many things—a statistician, journalist, temporary diplomat, company director, inventor and orchid hunter, but now he has settled down as financial editor of the London Sunday Express.

Mr. Westropp fairly recently traveled across Canada from coast to coast and you who live in that favored country will be glad to know that he regards Canada as a land of challenge. In fact he becomes quite lyrical and declares Canada to be great in size, great in natural wealth and possessing tremendous opportunities for future expansion.

Where have I heard these words before? I heard them from the lips of my grandfather long, long ago, but why has Mr. Westropp failed to point out that Canada is bordered by the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Atlantic Ocean on the east?

Still more why has he left out the cliché of the unknown North with its presumable wealth of minerals that defies imagination?

Having got that far into his book Canada: Land of Opportunity I was willing to call it a day but knowing Westropp to be a capable and influential journalist as well as a man of affairs I decided to plow through the pages and gradually it came upon me that in its own unemotional way this is a book which is worth the consideration of all who see in Canada the great giant of the future.

In a chapter entitled "The People" he tells us that Canadians seem a little dour compared with their opposite numbers in London and New York. He finds that underlying the nasal twang one can detect a Scottish or Ulster brogue. "Their jokes," he writes, "are mainly directed at one another or concern the alleged disadvantages of living in Toronto which is declared by people in every part of Canada, including Torontonians, to be the most soulless, money-grubbing town in the whole Dominion—largely, I think, without truth."

As Shakespeare said: "That is hot ice!" Having slandered Toronto over a whole page of his book he says that he does not believe that Torontonians stink. Yet hardly has he set down this modification of anti-Toronto abuse when he starts up again with the statement that above everything else the interests of Torontonians are mainly and

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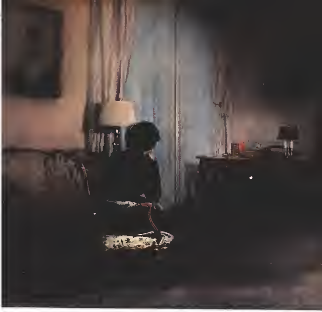
British author Edward Westropp: "Canadian women are formidable."

EDWARD WESTROPP

Canada: Land of Opportunity was written after three-month tour.



SUDDENLY, THE WORLD IS HALVED

Now, I'm alone . . . He would expect me to be brave . . . well, I'm trying
What should I do? Stay with Mary and the children? Perhaps that would help
Mr Scott said there'd always be enough money . . . everything taken care of
Nothing's easy now—but perhaps later . . . a trip . . . a change

EVERY DAY, WOMEN BECOME WIDOWS. Unfortunately many are left so financially troubled that neither rest, comfort, nor a change of scene can help to soften their sorrow. Often their husbands have been very successful—but they postponed making a will, or made a will and overlooked important details. Are you sure of your family's security? Is there a trust company making sure that your family inherits what you want them to have? Our booklet, "What Happens When a Man Dies?", may spare your family a great deal of grief and confusion. If you would like a copy, please write to us, without obligation, at our nearest office.

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"LAVEZ-LE COMME DE LA LAINE—S'IL RÉTRÉCIT NOUS LE REMPLAÇONS"

For the sake of argument

BRIAN GREGGAINS SAYS

New Canadians have a duty to take out citizenship

Having completed five years' residence in Canada, I filled in and sent off my application for Canadian citizenship. A month ago I got it. Many other people in this country should do likewise.

If Canada entered a war tomorrow — and it could happen — she would find a million and a half people within her borders who have not committed themselves to support her government. In a population of seventeen and a half million this figure is too high for complacency.

From 1946 to 1958 nearly 1,800,000 immigrants came to Canada. Even allowing for deaths and departures this means that between one in twelve and one in fifteen people in this country are recent New Canadians.

Canada's patience is wonderful

Not all of these people are eligible for Canadian citizenship. The Canadian Citizenship Act says Canadian domicile is "acquired by a person having his place of domicile for at least five years in Canada." Those who arrived since 1954 can't yet claim domicile.

Figures are not readily available on the number of citizenship registrations for 1958. They are available however for both immigration and citizenship for 1946 through 1957. In that time, there were 1,669,340 immigrants. Of this number approximately 1,000,000 were not eligible for citizenship by 1957 as they had not yet met domicile requirements. This still leaves more than 600,000 who were eligible. Yet actual registrations of certificates prepared for recent immigrants were only 352,662 during the period 1951 through 1957 — '51 being the first year '46 immigrants could claim domicile. And some of these were undoubtedly for people who had arrived before 1946.

One wonders at the patience of the government. Like the trusting woman who shares her bed on promise of marriage which never comes, Canada has good reason to feel aggrieved and betrayed.

A man is not quit of his responsibilities when he has earned his wages and paid his taxes. Gross national product and government services are important but there is another national product which depends on spirit more than sweat, duty more than dues. This product is the nation itself.

I am against militant nationalism. But I am for the confidence and heart's ease which comes from unity of spirit within an established nation. To this unity the lazy, the indifferent and the chauvinistic immigrants contribute nothing!

We who are New Canadians came of our own accord. Since in coming here most of us had largely materialistic motives, it was not to be expected we would disembark at Quebec or Malton filled with a sense of vocation about Canadian citizenship. If residence in Canada were solely a matter of a better standard of living, a car instead of bus rides, even five years might not bring this about. One does not sell one's soul for a slice of buttered bread.

But the main issue is not materialistic, not even Canadian citizenship. It is whether a moral man can evade the responsibilities of communal living, here or anywhere. To pretend these do not exist is akin to being like the whining child whose parents insist on his contributing to family life: "I didn't ask to be born."

We did ask to be born—again—as Canadians. For citizens or not that is what we became when we arrived here as landed immigrants. At that time we were welcomed because we intended permanent residence. And this intention would have been meaningless if, at least implicitly, this did not mean we would take out citizenship later.

We enjoy benefits and services provided by Canadian authorities. Not merely those tangibles like water, electricity and paved roads

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ENGLISH BORN BRIAN GREGGAINS IS A WRITER FOR BOTH TV AND MAGAZINES.

(Advertisement)

Canned goods cabinet: strong plywood shelves are held on adjustable supports which simplify cabinet making and space shelves to fit cans.

Fruit-vegetable storage has a chopping board top and slide-out cutting block. Interior is easy to keep clean because of fir plywood's smooth surface.

Range counter cabinet has a pot hanger on left side and pull-out shelf on the other. Metal fittings are easy to fix to split-proof fir plywood.

Oven utensil cabinet stores bulky items between dividers shaped from ¼" thick fir plywood. Plywood has many thicknesses for different jobs.

12 fir plywood plans for designing women

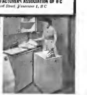
You can get plans for all these fir plywood units from your local lumber dealer. The units are easy to make and can be adapted to fit *your* kitchen area. Use these practical ideas to remodel your existing kitchen, or for your new home.

PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF B C
550 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B C

Serving center cabinet has a revolving shelf and plastic countertop. Smooth, crack-free fir plywood is an ideal base for all countertop finishes.

Hanging dish cabinet: sliding doors give access from both sides. Because fir plywood needs no framing, the cabinet has clean and simple lines.

Sink Cabinet: this compact fir plywood unit features a telescoping towel rack for a dozen towels, garbage can and shelf for cleaning materials.



Laundry cart and sink cabinet: roll-away cart has bin for whites and coloureds. The smooth, pre-sanded fir plywood surface will not snag fabrics.

Overhead cabinet can be safely located above sink and laundry units because fir plywood's waterproof glue is not affected by damp conditions.

Utility closet and cleaning cart made of strong but light fir plywood. The cart is easy to wheel around and tucks inside compact closet after use.

Recipe file, telephone desk can be built to fit any space. Fir plywood takes readily to all types of finish — wax, paint, stain, varnish.

Sewing center: fir plywood makes a fold-down cutting table plus storage space even for a dress form. Center is a handsome room divider.

FIR PLYWOOD MARKED (PMBC EXTERIOR) HAS WATERPROOF GLUE
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Beginning a new series of lively, intimate and sometimes caustic glimpses of

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME

as seen during the Second World War by the brilliant soldier and observer who headed the armed forces of Great Britain

CHURCHILL

EISENHOWER

STALIN

MONTGOMERY

ALEXANDER

CHIANG

AND THE ROYAL FAMILY
POPE PIUS XII
MacARTHUR
KING IBN SAUD
McNAUGHTON
KING FAROUK
DE GAULLE
TRUMAN
ANDERS of POLAND

◆

THIS BEGINS the second volume of the wartime diaries and memoirs of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke. The first volume, the memorable THE TURN OF THE TIDE, covered the first eighteen months of Alanbrooke's term as Chairman of the British Chiefs of Staff Committee—the senior officer of the British Commonwealth's armed services. The volume which commences here and which Maclean's will continue in succeeding issues, covers the last three years of the war. It is edited by the distinguished historian Sir Arthur Bryant and will be published in book form by Collins under the title TRIUMPH IN THE WEST.

Passages enclosed in quotation marks are excerpts from the diaries Alanbrooke kept from day to day during the war. Passages in indented type and quotation marks are Alanbrooke's amplifications and afterthoughts on his duties. Words not enclosed in quotations are Sir Arthur Bryant's. STORIES BEGIN NEXT PAGE

The historic Teheran meeting in November, 1943. Author Alanbrooke stands dourly behind Roosevelt and Churchill. Red Army Marshal Voroshilov is on his right.

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME CONTINUED

The cold and brilliant STALIN

ALANBROOKE'S DIARY ENTRIES AS EDITED BY ARTHUR BRYANT

"Sunday November 28th, 1943. Teheran. We went over to the Russian Embassy for our first Plenary Meeting. Stalin turned up in his uniform of Field Marshal, but to my mind no more attractive than I thought him last time I saw him."

This was the first occasion when Stalin, Roosevelt and Winston sat round a table to discuss the war we were waging together. I found it enthralling looking at their faces and trying to estimate what lay behind. With Churchill I knew fairly well, and I was beginning to understand the workings of Roosevelt's brain, as we had had several meetings with him. But Stalin was still very much of an enigma. I had already formed a very high idea of his ability, force of character and shrewdness, but did not know yet whether he was also a strategist.

I rapidly grew to appreciate the fact that he had a military brain of the very highest caliber. Never once in any of his statements did he make any strategic error, nor did he ever fail to appreciate all the implications of a situation with a quick and unerring eye. In this respect he stood out compared with his two colleagues. Roosevelt never made any great pretence of being a strategist and left either Marshall or Leahy to talk for him. Winston was more erratic, brilliant at times but too impulsive and inclined to favor unsuitable plans without giving them the preliminary deep thought they required.

Stalin approved of Roosevelt's proposal to close down operations in Italy and to transfer six divisions to invade Southern France on April 1st, whilst the main Channel operation would take place on May 1st. I am certain he did not approve such operations for their strategic value but because they fitted in with his future political plans. This plan allowed the whole of the month of April for the annihilation of these six divisions whilst fighting lay idle at a standstill and Overlord had not yet started.

I feel certain that Stalin saw through these strategical misconceptions, but to him they mattered little; his political and military requirements could now be best met by the greatest squandering of British and American lives in the French theatre. We were reaching a very dangerous point where his shrewdness, assisted by American shortsightedness, might lead us anywhere.

"November 29th. Teheran. We sat down at 4 p.m. for another three hours conference. Bad from beginning to end. Stalin meticulous with only two arguments — cross-Channel operation on May 1st, also offensive in Southern France. Americans supported this view, quite unaware of the fact that it is already an impossibility.

"After listening to the arguments put forward during the last two days I feel like entering a lunatic asylum or nursing home!"

That night there was a grand dinner to round off the conference.

"We had not long been seated when the P.M. said that it was his birthday party, that we should dine in the Russian manner and that anybody that liked could propose a toast at any time during the meal. He therefore started off by proposing the health of the King, the President of the U.S.A. and President of the Union of Soviet Republics. Stalin chipped in and said that he hoped that I should no longer look upon Russians with such suspicion and that if I really got to know them I should find that they were quite good chaps!

"This was a most unexpected and uncalled-for attack. I waited for a propitious moment to get up. It was rather nervous work considering what the audience was.

"I turned to Stalin and reminded him that in the afternoon's conference (when we had been discussing cover plans and secret measures) the Prime Minister had said that in war the truth must be accompanied by an escort of lies to ensure its secrecy. I reminded him that he himself had described how in all big offensives he produced masses of dummy tanks and aeroplanes on the fronts he was not going to attack, whilst he moved up forces quietly and under cover of darkness on the front of real attack. After four years of war and the continual cultivation of false appearances for the enemy, was it not possible that one's outward appearances might even deceive one's friends? I felt convinced that he must have been looking at the dummy aeroplanes and guns and had failed to observe the real and true friendship and comradeship which I felt towards him and all the Soviet forces.

"We finished the best of friends with a long hand-shake and almost with our arms round each other's necks! He said that he liked the bold and soldier-like way in which I had spoken and the military strength of my voice.

"It was a wonderful evening. On one occasion, when Winston said that the whole political world was now a matter of tints and that England could be said to have now quite a pink look. Without a moment's hesitation Stalin snapped back, a sign of good health. The President finished up by returning to the tint theme and said that the effect of this war would be to blend all those multitudinous tints, shades and colors into a rainbow where their individuality would be lost in the whole, and that this whole rainbow represented the emblem of hope. . . . Finally by 1.30 a.m. I was able to escape to bed." ★

The difficult MONTGOMERY

"Jan. 24, 1944. After lunch Monty came to see me and I had to tell him off for falling foul of both the King and the Secretary of State in a very short time. He took it well as usual."

"I cannot quite remember now what iniquities Monty had committed this time. I think that the King had taken exception to the kit he wore and had instructed me to draw his attention to dress regulations.

May 25, 1944: To Monty's H.Q. to dine with him. I had to tell him off and ask him not to meddle himself in everybody else's affairs. Such as wanting to advise Alex on his battle or War Office as to how to obtain reinforcements! As usual he took it well. He then motored back to London with me."

Message from Normandy. Montgomery to Brooke, June 14, 1944: 12,000 tons came in through the beaches yesterday. The American situation is not so good. They are roughly fifty percent behind in all unloading, i.e. they have only on shore half the maintenance stores they should have. There are a great many ships off the beaches but no one knows what is in them; the Americans have no Movement Staff which is a weak point in their organization. . . . They are back again in Carentan, thank God. I see SHAEF communiqué said yesterday that the town had been liberated. Actually it has been completely flattened and there is hardly a house intact; all the inhabitants have fled. It is a queer sort of liberation.

March 1, 1946. At 5 p.m. interview with Secretary of State concerning Monty's most recent statements to the Press! As usual he has been stirring matters up by making unnecessary statements such as: Conscription must last another ten years at least. You need have no fear, we shall export no food to Germany (when Cabinet had just decided to do so) and other such statements. As a result we shall have to warn him to come and see the Secretary of State. ★

"I had to tell him off."

The shrewd, queer CHIANGS

"Malta, Nov. 18, 1943 (en route to the Cairo Conference). We are to start by dealing with Chiang Kai-shek who has arrived with Madame.

"November 23rd. Cairo. The Generalissimo reminded me of a cross between a pine-marten and a ferret. A shrewd foxy sort of face. Evidently with no grasp of war in its larger aspects, but determined to get the best of all bargains. Madame was a study in herself, a queer character in which sex and politics seemed to predominate, both being used to achieve her ends. Not good looking, with a flat Mongolian face with high cheek bones and a turned up nose with two large circular nostrils looking like two dark holes leading into her head. Jet black hair and sallow complexion. She had certainly made the best of herself and was well turned out. A black satin dress with a yellow chrysanthemum pattern on it, a neat jacket, jet black tulle bows at the back of her head and a black veil over her face, light-colored stockings and black shoes with large brass nails, covering small feet. Tapered fingers playing with a long cigarette holder in which she smoked continuous cigarettes."

"This very Chinese day," Brooke recalled after the war, "has remained rooted in my memory. I have never known whether Madame Chiang gate-crashed into the morning's Plenary Meeting or whether she was officially invited. It makes little difference, for I feel certain she would have turned up whether invited or not. She was the only woman amongst a very large gathering of men and was determined to bring into action all the charms nature had blessed her with. Although not good-looking, she certainly had a good figure which she knew how to display at its best. Gifted with great charm and gracefulness, every small movement of hers attracted and pleased the eye. At one critical moment her closely clinging black dress of black satin with golden chrysanthemums displayed a slit which exposed one of the most shapely of legs. This caused a ripple amongst some of those attending the conference and I even thought I heard a suppressed neigh come from a group of the younger members!

"We were left wondering whether we were dealing with Chiang or with Madame. Whenever he was addressed, his Chinese general sitting on his right interpreted for him, but as soon as he had finished Madame said 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I do not think that the interpreter has conveyed the full meaning to the Generalissimo.' Similarly whenever Chiang spoke his general duly interpreted the statement, but Madame rose to say in the most perfect English: 'Excuse me, gentlemen, but the general has failed to convey to you the full meaning of the thoughts that the Generalissimo wishes to express. If you will allow me I shall put before you his real thoughts.' I certainly felt that she was the leading spirit of the two and that I would not trust her very far.

"As for Chiang I think the description I gave of him fits him well: a shrewd but small man. He was certainly very successful in leading the Americans down the garden path. He and his Chinese forces never did much against the Japs during the war, and he did not even succeed in keeping his country from becoming Communist after the war. And yet the Americans never saw through all his shortcomings, pinned their hopes on him and intended to do the same. I often wonder how Marshall failed to realize what a broken reed Chiang was when he went out to China just after the defeat of Japan."

"At 5 p.m. attended a tea party given by Chiang Kai-shek and Madame: a dismal show. Very hot and stuffy room. Had some fifteen minutes talk with him through an interpreter. He did not impress me much, but hard to tell at a meeting like that. Meanwhile Madame holding a court of admirers. The more I see of her the less I like her. ★

"One of the most shapely legs."

The dismissal of McNAUGHTON

"I had Jack Collins to lunch and also Crerar. The latter is just back from Italy and is taking over the Canadian Army. It has been a difficult move to accomplish. I have had to get rid of Andy McNaughton, give Crerar sufficient war experience in Italy and get Monty to accept him with very limited active experience. All has now been accomplished with much anguish and many difficulties, but I have full confidence that Crerar will not let me down. I have, however, I am afraid, lost a very good friend in the shape of Andy McNaughton. I only hope he may be able to realize the true situation to rise high enough for me not to lose his friendship.

"May 1, 1944. At 12 noon the opening meeting of the Conference of Empire Prime Ministers. Met Fraser at the door, who was very friendly and nice. Mackenzie King also very friendly. But by far the most attractive of the lot was dear old Smuts, just the same as ever and with the same clear refreshing outlook on life. A meeting with verbose polite speeches and then photographs in the garden of 10 Downing Street." ★

"I have lost a very good friend."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Your long-term policies cramp my initiative."

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME CONTINUED

The irrepressible, acid CHURCHILL

"Winston's lack of 'width' and 'depth' in the examination of problems was a factor I never got over. He would select individual pieces of the vast jigsaw puzzle which we had in front of us and concentrate on them at the expense of all others. When I used to say, 'But don't you see that if we concentrate on B, phases A and C will be affected?' he would reply, 'I do not want to see A and C. Can't you see that B is the vital point?' I used to reply that B was certainly important at the time but reminded him that last week A had been of major importance and that probably next week C would require most attention. These arguments were useless, and he would continue examining B as if A and C did not exist.

Similarly as regards depth—when I said to him, 'You are now putting your left foot down here, but where do you propose to put your right foot and where are we going?' he would reply by shaking his fist in my face and saying, 'I do not want any of your long-term policies; they only cripple initiative!'

"January 1944—Long Cabinet from 6 to 8.15 p.m. with Winston in great form. He was discussing Stalin's latest mistakes in allowing Pravda to publish the bogus information that England was negotiating with Germany for peace. He said: 'Trying to maintain good relations with a Communist is like wooing a crocodile. You do not know whether to tickle it under the chin or to beat it over the head. When it opens its mouth you cannot tell whether it is trying to smile or preparing to eat you up.'

"February 2nd. Dinner at 10 Downing Street when the guests were the King, Eisenhower, Bedell Smith, Monty, Lascelles and the three Chiefs of Staff. P.M. brought out many gems. Amongst others: 'Politics are very much like war. We may even have to use poison gas at times.' 'In politics, if you have something good to give, give a little at a time, but if you have something bad to get rid of, give it all together and brace the recipients to receive it.'

"Referring to the American desire to sack the King of Italy and Badoglio: 'Why break the handle of the coffee pot at this stage and burn your fingers trying to hold it? Why not wait till we get to Rome and let it cool off?'

"February 29th. At 10 p.m. had another meeting with P.M. This time Ike and Bedell Smith attended. We worded a wire to send to American Chiefs of Staff. Referring to the Anzio Bridgehead, Winston said: 'We hoped to land a wild cat that would tear out the bowels of the Boche. Instead we have stranded a vast whale with its tail flopping about in the water!'"

"June 1944. Just back from meeting with Winston. I thought at first we might have trouble with him; he looked like wanting to fight the President. However, in the end we got him in again with our outlook, which is: 'All right, if you insist on being damned fools, sooner than fall out with you, which would be fatal, we shall be damned fools with you, and we shall see that we perform the role of damned fools damned well.'

"Oct. 12, Moscow: That morning whilst I was with Winston he suddenly looked up at me and asked, 'Why did not the King give Monty his baton when he visited him in France?' I replied that I did not know, but that as batons were not Woolworth stores they had to be made and that probably one was not ready. 'No,' replied Winston, 'that is not it. Monty wants to fill the Mall when he gets his baton! And he will not fill the Mall!' I assured him that there was no reason for Monty to fill the Mall on that occasion. But he continued, 'Yes, he will fill the Mall because he is Monty, and I will not have him filling the Mall!'

"Apparently he went on turning this matter over in his mind, for on the journey home he turned to me and said, 'Monty will not fill the Mall when he gets his baton.'

"I took the first opportunity I had to warn Monty to keep his visit to Buckingham Palace as quiet as possible."

"Mar. 3, 1945, Germany: As we were leaving Simpson's HQ Simpson asked Winston whether he wished to make use of the lavatory before starting. Without a moment's hesitation he asked, 'How far is the Siegfried Line?' On being told about half an hour's run, he replied that he would not visit the lavatory but that we should halt on reaching the Siegfried Line! On arrival there the column of some twenty or thirty cars halted, we proceeded solemnly out and lined up along the Line. As the photographers had all rushed up to secure good vantage points he turned to them and said, 'This is one of the operations connected with this great war which must not be reproduced graphically.' To give them credit they obeyed their orders and in doing so missed a chance of publishing the greatest photographic catch of the war! I shall never forget the childish grin of intense satisfaction that spread all over his face as he looked down at the critical moment." ★

Alanbrooke accompanies Churchill, Montgomery and U.S. General Simpson on famous visit to the Siegfried Line: "I shall never forget the childish grin of intense satisfaction"

Alanbrooke and Ike drink a toast on the Rhine: "Eisenhower has got absolutely no strategical outlook. He makes up by the way he works for good co-operation between the allies"

The paradox of EISENHOWER

At Whitehall (writes Sir Arthur Bryant) because power rested with a Defense Minister who, though in no awe of his Service advisers and ready to harry them mercilessly, would never in their own sphere override them or allow them to be overridden, Brooke in the end usually had the last word. It was otherwise in the controversies between the British Chiefs of Staff and the Americans. At Washington, where they sat by proxy on the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the two nations, and in the great Anglo-American Conferences, the British Chiefs of Staff had to contend on equal and, as the United States grew stronger, on less than equal terms with their American opposite numbers who not only had the self-confidence of their great country but could not help unconsciously resenting the superior military experience of their British colleagues. Under these circumstances and in the light of America's prodigious war effort and achievement there was only one course for Britain to adopt: for the sake of Allied unity to allow the titular command in the more important operations to Americans. Eisenhower — who became the embodiment of this principle and whose integrity, sense of justice and human charm perfectly fitted him to fill it — represented the dominant national contribution to the fighting forces of the West and as such possessed the same overriding claim to supreme command as the royal princes and archdukes of the monarchical past. So long as he was prepared to remain a Supreme Commander and leave the direction of campaigns and battles to more experienced subordinates all was well.

Between the hour when, after the calamitous winter of 1941-42, Churchill called Brooke to his side and the summer of 1944 when the American fighting contribution to the war against Germany began to surpass Britain's, the Western Allies made no major strategic mistake, though American reluctance to commit forces to the Mediterranean prevented them from reaping their full opportunities in that theatre. From the time when the landing in the South of France was finally agreed until the end of the war they made several — nearly all at Washington's or Eisenhower's insistence — which not only delayed victory and exacted a heavy toll in human life but threw away part of its ultimate fruits.

From Alanbrooke's diary: "January 24th. Had a long C.O.S. meeting at which Eisenhower turned up to discuss his paper proposing increase of cross-Channel operations at expense of South France operations. I entirely agree with the proposal but it is certainly not his idea and is one of Monty's. Eisenhower has got absolutely no strategical outlook. He makes up, however, by the way he works for good co-operation between allies.

"February 19th. A very long C.O.S. meeting. First of all Eisenhower, Bedell Smith, Tedder and Cooke representing American Chiefs of Staff all came in to discuss the desirability of having an amphibious attack against South of France to coincide with cross-Channel operation. Luckily I had discovered last night from Monty that he and Bertie Ramsay had agreed to curtail the cross-Channel operation to provide for a South of France operation. They should have realized that the situation in Italy now made such an operation impossible. They had agreed to please Eisenhower, who was pressing for it to please Marshall!

"I had a little difficulty with Eisenhower, but not much, to make him see sense, as all he required was a little pressure to go back to the plans he really liked best now that he had at least shown some attempt to support Marshall's idea. I think the matter is now all right.

"February 22nd. A very long and difficult C.O.S. Eisenhower came again to represent American Chiefs of Staff and to argue their point concerning the Mediterranean. It is quite clear to me from Marshall's wire that he does not begin to understand the Italian campaign. He cannot realize that to maintain an offensive a proportion of reserve divisions are required. He considers that this reserve can be withdrawn for a new offensive in the South of France and that the momentum in Italy can still be maintained. Eisenhower sees the situation a little more clearly, but he is too frightened of disagreeing with Marshall to be able to express his views freely.

"February 23rd. Checking off telegram to American C.O.S. as a result of our meeting with Eisenhower yesterday. We have got all we want, but must word the wire to let the Americans save face as much as possible.

"May 15th. Went straight from home to St. Paul's School to attend Eisenhower's final run-over plans for cross-Channel operations. The King, P.M., Smuts and all Chiefs of Staff were present. The main impression I gathered was that Eisenhower was no real director of thought, plans, energy or direction. Just a co-ordinator, a good mixer, a champion of inter-Allied co-operation, and in those respects few can hold the candle to him. But is that enough? Or can we not find all qualities of a commander in one man? Maybe I am getting too hard to please, but I doubt it.

Monty made excellent speech. Bertie Ramsay indifferent and overwhelmed by all his own difficulties. Spaatz read every word. Bert Harris told us how well he might have won the war if it had not been for the handicap imposed by the existence of the two other Services. Leigh-Mallory gave very neat description. Sholto Douglas seemed disappointed by the smallness of his task and so was I. Then Humfrey Gale and Graham on Administration, followed by Grasset on Civil Controls of France. A useful run through. The King made a few well-chosen remarks.

> "If I was asked to review the opinion I expressed that evening of Eisenhower, I should, in the light of all later experience, repeat every word of it. A past master in the handling of allies, entirely impartial and consequently trusted by all. A charming personality and good co-ordinator. But no real commander. I have seen many similar reviews of impending operations, and especially those run by Monty. Ike might have been a showman calling on various actors to perform their various turns, but he was not the commander of the show who controlled and directed all the actors. Fortunately, as happens so often, Ike had a counterpart in the shape of Bedell Smith. A great deal that Ike was deficient in his Chief of Staff provided for him. Ike was wise enough to realize this, and whatever job Ike got he took his Bedell Smith with him." ★

FOR MORE ALANBROOKE MEMOIRS TURN TO PAGE 75

The surprising Sister Superior cajoled and charmed contributions to her four villas.

The happy havens of Sister Mechtilde

When a pregnant, unmarried girl of any color or creed turns to Montreal's Misericordia Sisters she soon trades any shame for self respect under the compassionate and scientific guidance of the only nun who can cha-cha

The girls enjoy dances, pantomimes, even a cozy room for chatting with boy friends

BY KEN LEFOLII

THE NUN calls the girl *ma belle*, my lovely one. In truth, to anyone but the nun the girl must appear less than lovely. She has the uncertain complexion of most girls of thirteen. Her features are stained by shame and fear. Her body is distended by pregnancy.

The nun, Sister Sainte Mechtilde, who wears the squared white cowl of the Misericordia order, asks the girl what name she has chosen to use for the term of her pregnancy. The girl hesitates and replies, "Mariette."

There are several ways of regarding Mariette.

To the surprising nun Mariette is speaking to, the girl is at once an object of fervent compassion and the raw material of a psychotherapeutic experiment. Among other unexpected things, Sister Sainte-Mechtilde is a highly trained specialist in psychiatric social work. Her order, the Sisters of Misericordia, was formed in Montreal more than a century ago to soften the afflictions of unmarried but pregnant women. Seventeen hundred pregnant spinsters now seek out the Misericordia Sisters in Montreal every year — *les filles-mères*, as Sister Mechtilde refers to her charges, the maiden mothers. Many of them, like Mariette, are ridden by guilt and fear. Sister Mechtilde's experiment is an attempt to restore their self respect by augmenting compassion, the nuns' traditional form of benevolence, with the mint-new methods of psychiatry and sociology.

Most of Sister Mechtilde's *filles-mères* are French-speaking, Catholic and native to Quebec. Although the Misericordia Sisters have amplified their works to include hospitals, hostels, orphanages, teaching centres and retreats in many other parts of Canada and the U.S., not to mention an adventurous mission in West Africa, Sister Mechtilde's Montreal experiment is unique. She is Sister Superior of a four-villa system of rehabilitation hostels for *filles-mères*, a system that is largely her own creation.

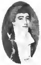
The four villas are all in Montreal and its suburbs, but some of the *filles-mères* in residence are English-speaking, Protestant, and come from other parts of Canada and the U.S. A few, whose families can afford to send them, come from western Europe. "No one who comes to us is left outside on the pavement," Sister Mechtilde says, slightly shocked at the notion, and only a handful who choose to do so ever pay the Sisters a cent for the help they receive.

Just as there is nothing elsewhere in the world quite like Sister Mechtilde's group of villas, there can be few nuns quite like Sister Mechtilde. Before she undertook her reconstruction of the Misericordia hostel system in 1955 she studied the techniques of psychiatric social work for twelve years at three universities. More recently, in an attempt to bring herself even closer to an understanding of her *filles-mères*, she has been joining them in studying what she describes as "the rock and rolling and the cha cha cha." These exercises would probably strike many nuns as borderline blasphemy, but Sister Mechtilde is inimitable. Lately she has overcome even the severe difficulties posed by her flowing floor-length robes, and is already a creditable rock and roller and a dextrous cha cha cha-er.

With the same unabashed energy, Sister Mechtilde has cajoled, bullied and charmed politicians, executives, unionized tradesmen and medical and sociological technicians into helping build her villas, staff them and support them. Moreover, in radio talks, television interviews, press conferences and service-club speeches continued on page 66

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRYN TACONIS

Girls—protected by pseudonyms—are given courses the nuns hope will help them. Sister Constance gives sewing lessons



Aaron Hart
The first Jew to settle in Canada

THE JEW IN CANADA
Where does he stand today?

Now celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of Jewish settlement, our proudest minority numbers only a quarter million and is likely to decrease. Yet, they've given Canada priceless gifts in nearly every field from nuclear physics to TV comedy

BY PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

THIS YEAR, exactly two centuries after the first Jew settled permanently in Canada, Canadian Jewry is celebrating its National Bicentenary. Taking part in a coast to coast program of events, this country's quarter of a million Canadians of the Jewish faith may well find themselves wondering just where they've got. Since Aaron Hart came here with Wolfe in 1759 and took up residence, what Jewish gains have been made in status, achievement, numerical strength? What prejudice must the Jew still fight? Where does he stand as a citizen?

To these questions Gentiles may add a few of their own. What makes the Jew different? What are his religious beliefs? And why, though Canadian as the rest of us, does he remain distinct and apart?

Fifty years ago the Jew was a stock character with a hooked nose in Canadian vaudeville who got hit on the derby with a length of salami. Today he is respected, often esteemed, sometimes the voice of our conscience, and no modern prime minister would be as politically reckless as Sir John A. Macdonald who called him "the old clo' man." Jews have made contributions out of all proportion to their numbers to Canadian business and trade, art, literature, music, entertainment, medicine, law, science, research and university life.

By standard measures of citizenship they rank very high. Some, particularly newcomers to Canada struggling to get established, live in poverty, but they seldom become public charges. While they occasionally commit crimes, like the rest of us, they are, as a people, remarkably law abiding and rarely in trouble. They are well to the fore in community effort.

On the other hand a citizen of the Jewish faith can't always live where he wants. He can't join a long list of exclusive clubs. If employed by a Christian firm, he is apt to find his advancement slower than that of the non-Jew. Despite his commercial ability and eminence, no Jew is a director of a Canadian insurance company and only one sits on the board of a chartered bank, although there are nine such banks in Canada.

Signs like "No Jews allowed" and "Restricted clientele" have disappeared across Canada and discrimination in public places is a thing of the past. Today's is more subtle and social. A Jew may be invited to cocktails with Christians at an art exhibition or museum opening. He is not so apt to be included in their more intimate gatherings. In some suburbs and country resorts, home-owners band together in refusal to sell to Jews. In others Jews can buy only on certain streets and live in a tree-shaded ghetto.

From nine to five the Jew talks, laughs, eats, drinks, does business with Gentiles. When he closes his office or leaves his place of work he is likely to become a Jew among Jews. Many of Canada's long-established private clubs are barred to him. If he wants

continued on page 62

"Jews have made contributions ou all proportion to their numbers to Canadian business, art, literature, music, law, science and medicine"

THEATRE TOBY ROBINS

SCIENCE DR. MAXWELL COHEN

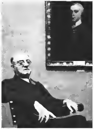
PSYCHOLOGY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

SPORTS FOOTBALL COMMISSIONER SYD HALTER

POLITICS DAVID CROLL

TELEVISION WAYNE AND SHUSTER

ATHLETICS FANNY ROSENFELD



PHILANTHROPY SIGMUND SAMUEL

ART GHITTA CAISERMAN

BIG BUSINESS SAMUEL BRONFMAN

METEOROLOGY PERCY SALTZMAN

in century-old stone houses, stenos have replaced gracious hostesses

STREETS OF CANADA

JAMES

Hamilton pays top wages and the money is stacked along a single block of the main drag. And where else can you see a view of a spurious Mountain through stained-glass office windows?

TEXT BY **FRANK CROFT** PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS BY **HORST EHRICHT**

Among the hundreds of monuments to Queen Victoria the one in Gore Park in the centre of Hamilton is probably unique. Victoria the monarch receives token commemoration; the heart of the inscription honors her as a model wife and mother. It is appropriate that this bronze and granite embodiment of solid respectability should look down upon a street whose character is dignified, businesslike and at first glance dull.

A closer look reveals elements of beauty and interest.

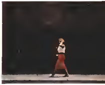
James Street is the street of trade, commerce and civic administration. Throughout its mile and a half James Street has but two movie houses. None of the city's half dozen night clubs is there and eating places don't rise above the bakelite-table and paper napkin variety.

It is not the longest street in Hamilton nor, as far as land values are concerned, the richest. But it is and always has been the most important. In one stretch of three hundred feet most of the city's daily reserves of folding money (about 12 million dollars' worth) repose in the vaults of half a dozen banks and trust companies. In this same block you can buy a diamond pendant for $50 000 or a pair of earrings for fifty cents, order a forty-million-dollar bridge or a forty-dollar suit, buy as many stocks as you dare and as many tranquilizers as you need. This block is the solar plexus of the street and the heart of the city.

From it James Street climbs gradually south to that part of the Niagara escarpment which becomes sanctified by the title "Hamilton Mountain" as it cuts through the city on its way from the Niagara River to Georgian Bay. This part of the street passes between rows of buildings, sombre by day, dark and deserted by night. The pavement ends at the foot of the Mountain and a flight of steps scales the slope. James Street continues on top, bright in its post war newness.

Below the central block, running north, the street glitters with plate glass and neon lights, the incandescence of the North American bazaar. The lights become scattered and dim where the street ends as a semi-slum at the harbor, the western extremity of Lake Ontario.

The James Street axis is at Gore Park, about midway between the harbor and the mountain. The Gore, as it is called, is a mere hundred feet across at its James Street end. It is the only part of the street where business grudgingly yields to a patch of greenery, an oasis with a plashing fountain, flower beds, and benches for the weary. Norman Weir, manager of continued on page 95



stage fright

THE STRANGEST PHOBIA

It can grip an actor of fifty years' experience as easily as a first-time TV panelist. It's harder to cure than the common cold—and just about as common

BY BARBARA MOON

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

There is no misery quite like stage fright — except perhaps seasickness, which is also a circumstantial affliction that can make a normal healthy person wish he could die immediately.

The occasion of stage fright for most people is the waiting period just before performance and they feel judgment.

Its symptoms are a stirring in the pit of the stomach, a taut whine along the nerves, palsy, cold sweats, nausea, breathlessness, a parched aching throat, smarting eyeballs and that haze of bright terrible unreality that usually comes with fever or with looking into a child's three-dimensional stereoscope. All this is accompanied by emotions of wretchedness and apprehension.

Considering the number of performers who are prey to the malady it's a wonder that show business has managed to survive at all.

Some are chronic victims. TV performer Jack Parr suffers five nights a week. Maurice Chevalier says "Always before I go on I am frightened. While I stand in the wings waiting to go on, my knees knock together and I dry the perspiration from my hands, then from my forehead and then from my hands again." Pianist Arturo Rubenstein used to pace up and down like a caged animal before every single concert. Pop singer Judy Garland vomited before each program of an engagement at the London Palladium a few years ago, finally collapsed altogether and had to take a holiday.

Other performers tremble only under the stress of an unfamiliar situation. The beautiful inscrutable Swede, Greta Garbo, was so nervous on starting her first German film that her cheek twitched uncontrollably and all the close ups had to be reshot. Comedian Charlie Chaplin, aghast at the prospect of his first radio audience, roamed the studio muttering over and over, "Twenty million people. Twenty million people."

Some artists find that the worst symptoms retreat before experience. Henry Irving, the famous nineteenth-century English actor manager, was so distraught when he made his acting debut that the critics advised him to get right back out of the business. Irving had found himself seized with a speech block that turned each attempt at his opening words into a retching shudder. Finally, instead of the prescribed battle report he managed an ad lib — "Come to the marketplace and I will tell you further" — and fled into the wings. Irving's crabbed speech and queer intonations came under attack all the rest of his life, but he never again suffered such an agonizing seizure.

On the other hand his leading lady and one of England's most admired actresses, Ellen Terry, had been on the stage more than five years before she was stricken with stage fright. It was an acute attack. Her lines deserted her on-stage and she had finally to read the rest of her part ignominiously from the book. It had been her fifth new role in five weeks, and later Miss Terry wrote, "I suspect now that I had not taken enough pains to get word-perfect." Once established, the fear never again left her.

For some, stage fright sets in with their stage debut and gets not better but worse. Katherine Blake, one of Canada's outstanding TV actresses until her recent return to England, said not long ago, "I suffer terribly. In dramatic shows the fear is so great that you hope each time that something will happen to stop the performance. I was far less nervous at fifteen."

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Stage fright "feels like a centilling in the roots of your hair," sufferer Ellen Terry once said. Actress Araby Lockhart (above) demonstrates.

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES STORY OF THE LOWLY

BASS

The aristocratic trout may have built Canada's reputation as a fishing paradise. But today's anglers are in full cry after the scrapping roughneck cousin of the sunfish

BY FRED BODSWORTH

Canada's reputation as a fisherman's paradise may have been founded on the trout but that reputation is being maintained today far more by the smallmouth black bass. From the prairies eastward — especially in Ontario and Quebec where the most fishing is done — an unnoticed revolution has dethroned the sleek, aristocratic speckled trout.

Sporting goods stores are selling three times as many bass lures as any other kind. According to Dr. W. B. Scott, a senior fisheries scientist at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, eastern Canadian sportsmen are now more interested in the bass, a scrapping roughneck of humble pedigree closely related to sunfish and crappies.

This switch in fishing loyalties hasn't happened overnight. The bass has been an up-and-coming challenger of the trout for more than half a century. Eighty years ago pioneer angler Dr. James A. Henshall in his classic Book of the Black Bass described the smallmouth as "inch for inch and pound for pound the gamest fish that swims."

In the trout heyday when Henshall was vainly touting the bass no one paid him much attention. Except for boys with willow poles, angling remained for many decades a sport for a handful of specialists, mostly fly fishermen who could afford the time and money to develop real skill. For these, the angling elite, the trout was and still is the favorite, for it takes finesse and know-how to be a consistent catcher of trout.

But, largely since the war, the angling ranks have undergone a change. More money, more leisure and easier travel for everyone have made angling less and less a rich man's hobby. The typical angler today is not a specialist with a tray full of flossy imitation flies; he's just an ordinary guy who wants to catch a few fish during vacation and he's not particularly interested in how he catches them. The smallmouth bass was made for this kind of take-it-or-leave-it fisherman, ten times as common as any other [illegible].

For one thing, bass thrive in much warmer water than trout. In summer the trout are likely to be sulking in the deep, cold holes from which only the experts can

Continued on page 70

How is hospital insurance working out?

The government plans have won their big objective—twelve million Canadians are no longer haunted by ruinous hospital bills.

But what about the critics' predictions?
Are the hospitals going broke?
Are their standards falling?

A national report by ERIC HUTTON

▲ A doctor at the Toronto Sick Children's shows a case to interns. Since insurance makes everyone a private patient—never a "charity case"—some doctors say they'll be short of patients to "teach on."

◀ At St. Michael's in Toronto—as in other hospitals—the admitting committee now decides who'll get in, how long he'll stay. Mostly under insurance the average case now stays in a little bit longer.

▼ A patient pays what he owes—two quarters and a dime—as he's let out of St. Michael's. Unless you ask for private or semi-private service, your insurance pays virtually everything but phone calls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RAGSDALE

WITHIN THE LAST fifteen months federal government agreements with nine provinces (Quebec is the exception) have put into operation hospital insurance programs that virtually end hospital bills for twelve million Canadians—more than nine out of ten of the people who live in those provinces. Now it's in effect how is government hospital insurance working out?

Doctors, hospital officials, hospital employees and sellers of commercial insurance regard it with varying degrees of favor, reservation or disfavor. It was not, however, designed for them but for a group so large and important that it includes just about everybody: the patients and future patients of Canadian hospitals. Therefore all questions about hospital insurance can be answered most pertinently by inquiring what it means to the public.

What does government hospital insurance do for the individual? Is his health better protected? Does hospital care cost him less or more? Are his hospitals better run? Is he able to get into a hospital in time of need or have they become seriously overcrowded because they are free? Has the plan affected doctors' services to the sick?

To answer the first question—What does hospital insurance do for the individual?—the patient's type of insurance coverage depends on the province in which he lives. In Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia all residents are automatically covered without having to pay premiums. In New Brunswick, Manitoba and Saskatchewan all residents are required by law to join the plan and pay premiums **continued on page 38**

WHY I'M THROUG VITH SPORTS

Accused of "freezing" in the now-famous Montreal-Chicag Stanley Cup semifinal last spring, referee Storey resigne Now he winds up his colorful career in sport with a warning— the NHL is making hockey too "wide-open" for its own goc

BY RED STOREY
as told to KEN LEFOLII

At home in Montreal, Storey relives 25 [illegible]

Conclusion

NOT FOR THE first time, the National Hockey League fans in Chicago showed a broad streak of hoodlumism on the night of April 5, 1959. Their team, the Black Hawks, was meeting the Montreal Canadiens in the sixth game of the NHL semifinal series for the world championship of hockey, the Stanley Cup. Montreal won the game, which I refereed, four goals to three, and eliminated Chicago from the series.

The closing minutes of the game were disrupted by the Chicago fans, who demonstrated their distaste for a couple of my decisions by littering the ice with cushions, bottles, beer cans and a layer of garbage that some of the local specialists in abuse arm themselves with in advance of every game. One imaginative moron with a can of beer in his hand made his way along the boards to the point where I was standing, leaped over, shook his can until it foamed and threw the suds in my face.

It took close to thirty minutes for the fans to run out of movable missiles and for the rink boys to clear the ice. When I skated over to face off the puck to run out the final two minutes of play, Ted Sloan, the Chicago player in the circle for the face-off, looked up and asked candidly, "Red, if you'd known there was beer in that can, would you have opened your mouth before he threw it?" Another couple of minutes went by before I could stop laughing long enough to put the puck into play.

After the game the Chicago police, among whom I now number some of my oldest acquaintances from escort jobs going back nine years, slipped me into an unmarked car and took me back to my hotel. It is a long time since I stayed at the Chicago hotel where the fans thought I stayed. I heard later that a few dozen of the most lamebrained showed up at the hotel they had marked down as mine and tried to start a riot in the lobby, but by that time I was relaxing elsewhere over a bottle of beer of my own choice. As a matter of fact, I was thinking that I had just turned in one of the best refereeing jobs of my career.

On Monday, two days later, I learned that while I was uncapping that bottle of beer Clarence Campbell, the president of the NH had been discussing the game with an Otta sports writer. According to the story the r porter afterward wrote, which was reprint in every hockey city in Canada and the U Campbell made a fairly long speech denounci the way I had handled the game. This was t story I saw on Monday morning under t headline STOREY FROZE—CAMPBEL For a second a headline with a strong r semblance to this one flashed into my min MEHLENBACHER GOOFED — CAM BELL. A few years ago Jack Mehlenbacher now retired NHL referee who trains and driv harness horses in Ontario, had been involved a similar incident with eerily similar results.

In his current burst of candor, leaving asid his speculation about the spotty state of m courage and a description of the intense di comfort this had caused him, Campbell mad three more or less straightforward accusation First, he said I failed to call a tripping penal against Junior Langlois of Montreal. Second failed to call a tripping penalty against Marc Bonin of Montreal. Third, I failed to resta play immediately when the fans began to dem onstrate and instead allowed a thirty minu near-riot.

For the next thirty-six hours I walked th streets without sleep. Then I resigned from th NHL. It was a black and painful decisio This is why I had to make it.

First and least important, Campbell's thr accusations were uninformed, to use the mos charitable word possible. The charge that encouraged a near riot by not putting the puc into play immediately after the fans starte throwing rubbish is barely worth mentionin The rink was ankle-deep in debris. Anybod who knows the difference between hockey an mah-jongg knows that the first thing you nee to play hockey without breaking a leg is a clea sheet of ice.

In both incidents when Campbell thought should have called tripping penalties, I wa within twenty feet of the play and the presiden was watching from a box seat behind th boards. Both times the score was tied. Both times, as I saw it, the Chicago players, first Ed Litzenberger and then Bob Hull, tried t get away with the oldest trick in hockey. Both men looked to me as though they deliberatel fell when they were checked, to draw penalties against the opposing players. This is no dis credit to them profes-

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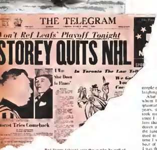


THE TELEGRAM

on't Ref Leafs' Playoff Tonight

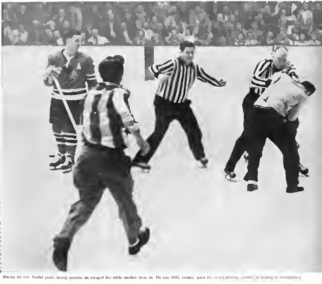
STOREY QUITS NHL

I Was Shot Down In Flames'

In Toronto The Law Tel

ascist Tries Comeback

Red Storey (above) says this is why he walked out on the NHL. "I congratulated myself after that Montreal-Chicago play-off for one of the best jobs I'd ever done of refereeing. NHL President Clarence Campbell disagreed; he told a sports columnist in Ottawa that I froze up."



During his last fateful game Storey wrestles an enraged fan while another races in. He says NHL owners' quest for crowd-pleasing [illegible]

The meteoric career of "Flying Phil" Gaglardi

British Columbia's fast-moving minister of highways (three speeding raps) is also a whirlwind minister of the gospel. Heckled by a hostile press and accused of everything from meddling to manipulation, he bursts through all opposition like a bat out of heaven

BY RAY GARDNER

AS MINISTER OF HIGHWAYS for the province of British Columbia, the Reverend Philip A. Gaglardi, a fiery forty-six-year-old evangelist who bowls through life like a bat out of heaven, is easily his own best customer: he's been pinched three times and had his driver's license lifted twice for speeding over the roads he's built.

In typical Gaglardi fashion ("You've got to make yards out of everything — even your mistakes") the little minister blithely raised the provincial speed limit from fifty to sixty miles per hour.

This penchant for speed has not only cost Gaglardi sixty dollars in fines and earned him the nickname "Flying Phil" that has helped strengthen his reputation as one of the most controversial figures to flit across the British Columbia political scene in recent times.

Since he became a cabinet minister after the surprising Social Credit victory of 1952, Gaglardi has been attacked so often by the Vancouver Sun, the province's biggest and most important newspaper, that readers regard anti-Gaglardi editorials as a regular feature like Li'l Abner or the crossword puzzle. The Sun flays most Social Credit ministers, but none as often as Gaglardi.

Last summer he was being attacked from two sides at once. From one direction came allegations of political patronage in his highways department and from another flew charges that the higher speed limit was causing more traffic deaths. He met both attacks with flat denials.

In any case, Gaglardi has to move fast: the double life he leads as minister of both the Crown and the Gospel makes him just about the busies man in the whole province if not, as he might pu it, "in the entire free world."

"I don't even have a pair of bedroom slippers," he boasts. "When I quit work it's time to go t bed."

"My whole entire life," he explains, employin a redundant turn of speech that all but overwhelm the listener, "is run like a clock. I'm shunte around by appointments and by time. The cloc dictates my policy. I move by the watch."

Five days a week Gaglardi, a chunky figure, nattily dressed and endowed with a powerful tenor voice that seems forever to be purring along in overdrive, runs a government department that spends eighty million dollars a year, or a quarter of the provincial budget.

No swivel-chair cabinet minister, he loves to dash about the country by plane and car and, recalling a time when he jockeyed a bulldozer for a living, he's fond of saying: "I'm one of the guys that built the highways with my own two hands."

His critics say that's just the trouble: that he gets around too much, poking his nose into practical problems he only fancies he knows something about, and that anyway all his blacktop leads to the same destination—the ballot box. He answers: "How crazy can they get?"

Certainly he has built a lot of roads and erected a lot of bridges in a province that needed and still needs plenty of both. In 1958, when B.C. celebrated its centenary, Social Credit had been in power six years, and Gaglardi claimed: "We built more roads in six years than all other governments did in ninety-four." But even he remarked: "Maybe that's not a proper comparison; still it gives an idea of what we've done."

He has also put the government in the coast ferry business in a big way and — his proudest achievement—thrust a twenty-million-dollar highway tunnel under the Fraser River not far from Vancouver.

In a typical opposition blast, the Vancouver Sun has sourly written off Gaglardi's highways program with this comment: "The Socreds have far more money than any previous B.C. government. And they're taking bows for spending it."

"I don't care what they say about me. God bless them as long as they spell my name right," Gaglardi snaps back.

Any British Columbian able to read should be able to spell it right, for they've all seen it often enough emblazoned across the SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE signs that Gaglardi has posted on every one of his highway projects. Dubbed "permanent election posters" by some of his opponents, the signs have won Gaglardi yet another nickname: "Sorry Phil."

When B.C.'s civil servants went on strike last spring, they ribbed Gaglardi and his cabinet colleagues by swiping his slogan. Pickets paraded before the parliament buildings, prisons, and other government institutions with placards that said they, too, were SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.

"Everything goes up under me"

While Gaglardi's week-day chores as the unorthodox minister of highways are prodigious enough, they hardly amount to a warm-up for the weekends he spends at his home in Kamloops, a small cattle and lumber town in the interior. It is then he assumes his role as pastor of the Calvary Temple of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, preaching, as he puts it, "the same type of religion as Billy Graham preaches."

There Flying Phil the evangelist is in constant orbit as he soars through seven radio broadcasts and a television appearance, conducts two fiery church services and a prayer meeting, and with his wife Jennie presides over a busy, successful Sunday school with a fleet of eleven buses.

Intensely proud of his success as preacher and politician, Gaglardi says: "Nothing ever goes down under me. Everything goes up under me."

As preacher, he's proud that he began in Kamloops in 1945 with a flock of eight in a rundown church and now can count on attracting congregations of at least five hundred to his gleaming new $150,000 air-conditioned temple. It takes sixty-five teachers to handle all the Sunday school's nine hundred children.

As politician, he's proud that he "parlayed my department into one of the biggest spending departments of highways in the free world." His boss, Premier W. A. C. Bennett, recently announced that Gaglardi will soon be spending at an even faster rate — one billion dollars over the next ten years.

All this forces Gaglardi to conclude: "If I had turned the same energy, sir, into any business that I've put into church or political work, I'd be a multimillionaire. I could have been a millionaire seven times over. If a man is able to direct affairs, he just keeps climbing, climbing, climbing."

Gaglardi has now climbed so high and made so much clatter about it, he's the favorite target of the opposition. In a recent public statement, one of his implacable political foes, Robert Strachan, the CCF opposition leader, called for an investigation of the highways department. "Many of the road contracts are given to companies that are sympathetic to, or have directors connected with, Mr. Gaglardi, Social Credit or Mr. Gaglardi's church," Strachan maintained. Gaglardi challenged the CCF leader to name names.

Just as Gaglardi feels strongly about himself, so do others. There seems to be no middle road. Alex Cassidy, for instance, a Kamloops businessman and a leader in Gaglardi's church, says: "Phil has been a good pastor." continued on page 45

"SAY WHATEVER YOU LIKE OF ME BUT SPELL MY NAME RIGHT"

Ex-bulldozer driver Gaglardi clowns in a hot rod at the Pacific National Exhibition. He boasts: "I built part of the highways with my own hands."

He's lowered in a bucket to inspect construction on the Deas Island Tunnel. This project led to a row. B.C. engineers wanted to build a bridge.

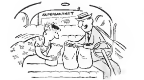
Gaglardi eats highway dust sprinkled over ice cream. He had said of one highway: "If it isn't opened within three years, I'll eat it." It wasn't.

"IF I'D WANTED I COULD HAVE BEEN A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE"

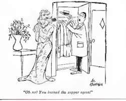
He hangs an affectionate arm on one of thousands of road-construction signs, each with his name, that are denounced as permanent election posters.

Gaglardi goes on TV to report on his department's progress. He says, "I built more roads in my six years than were built in the previous ninety-four."

As preacher, in the pulpit of his fundamentalist church in Kamloops, Gaglardi exhorts teen-agers to shun drink: "Those whisky boys are after you!"



"Magazines . . . cigarettes . . . plants . . . nylons . . . cosmetics . . . records — where are the groceries?"



"Oh no! You burned the supper again!"

Sweet & sour

LAUGHTER A LA CARTE

Food snobs are strictly from hunger

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Every time I get taken out to lunch these days I run into a new kind of snobbery that has been on the increase in Canada ever since this country came of age.

We go to some exotic restaurant that specializes in foreign food. My host picks up the menu and, without batting an eye, asks me how I'd like to start off with some octopus cups with cheese balls or braised tripe and bamboo shoots or skimmed liver with bay leaves and coach-horse eggs, as if I've heard of all these things before.

I sit there smiling at the menu, feeling the blood drain from my face and trying not to give away the fact that they all sound like things I used to have to catch for my King's Scout badge but I didn't know that people ate them.

"How would you like to start with some candied carp tails in palmetto oil?" this guy says, making enthusiastic washing motions with his hands and beating out a hungry little tattoo on the floor with his toes.

I pull in my stomach which is beginning to jerk.

"I had some last night," I say. "As a matter of fact, they weren't very good."

This throws a slight doubt into the guy's mind. I mean, he didn't know that these things weren't *always* good.

"Well, how about some steamed oyster drops in mustard?"

"Are they the *really* hot ones?" I ask.

He obviously doesn't know and quickly changes the attack.

"How about some dried squabs hearts in dandelion sauce?" He looks me right in the eye, indicating that he's long since got over being squeamish about these things. "We could get some of those wonderful little salted bean biscuits with them."

"I don't think so today," I say thoughtfully. "Not without a good Bavarian wine."

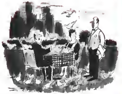
"They have some good mushrooms in addled wren's eggs," he says.

I give a knowing chuckle. "Not unless I know the chef."

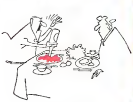
By this time he thinks my tastes are so jaded by rich cosmopolitan living that I can afford to be straightforward and naive and order a couple of pork chops with French fried potatoes and some apple pie.

He makes one last try. "Would you like to start that off with a good pork zeigenhurst soup with almonds?" he asks.

"Not in September," I say, folding the menu, and closing the subject for good, I hope.



I'd like to see the manager!



"That's all I wanna taste is ketchup!"

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Led by the ss T R McLAGAN, 63 C S L ships — river steamers and lakers — are now in service from one end of the Seaway to the other.

As the biggest Canadian shipping service on the world's busiest inland water highway, century-old Canada Steamship Lines has steadily expanded its fleet and facilities. This year, the new package freighters FORT HENRY and FORT YORK especially designed for Seaway service, will help maintain C S L's position as a fast low-cost carrier of package freight. Giant bulk carriers will move tremendous tonnages of ore from Northern Quebec, wheat from the West. Self-unloading colliers will handle millions of tons of coal during the season. And in the Arctic, the newly-launched C.S.L. Motor Vessel ESKIMO is in service, though operating mainly in Northern waters she holds an international certificate for service anywhere on the seas of the world and the Great Lakes.

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SINCE 1874

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **THE BLUE ANGEL:** A less tragic ending and a general softening of the original story have considerably altered the emphasis in this Hollywood modernization of a German film which was a minor classic in its day (1930). But there is still quite a bit of fascination in the tale of a middle-aged professor (Curt Jurgens) who becomes helplessly enmeshed in the life of a cheap blond showgirl (May Britt). Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich played the roles 29 years ago. Theodore Bikel is effective as a hard-boiled showman who callously exploits the professor's degradation.

APARAJITO: Not many Canadians are likely to get a chance to see this Indian film but it's worth watching for if your appetite for movies goes beyond the conventional fare. Slow and dreamlike in tempo, it gradually weaves a timeless spell as it deals with the rebellion of an adolescent Bengal boy against his mother's protective domination.

BUT NOT FOR ME: Although sometimes forced in its handling pace, this is a pleasant romantic comedy on the well worn theme of a disillusioning love affair between an "older man" (Clark Gable) and a girl in her prime (Carroll Baker). Broadway show business is the locale. With Lee J. Cobb, Lilli Palmer.

FOR THE FIRST TIME: There are filmgoers who respond with gasps of delight to the florid vocalism and garlic-scented "acting" of tenor Mario Lanza. I don't happen to be one of them. For the faithful, his latest vehicle again offers a pizza feast of Lanza singing, along with a deaf girl (Johanna von Koczian) who recovers her hearing under his tender care.

POWER AMONG MEN: This is a superb documentary about mankind's hopes of preserving civilization despite the growing hazards of the Hydrogen Age. It was produced for the United Nations by Thorold Dickinson and one of its best sequences shows the development of multi-tongued democracy around the mammoth hydro-electric power station at Kitimat.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL: The first half hour is utterly absorbing in this drama-fantasy about life among the three western survivors of an all-out atomic war (Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, Mel Ferrer). As soon as the story bogs down in eternal-triangle clichés, the interest sadly dwindles.

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Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.
Ask Any Girl: Comedy. Good.
Beat Generation: Crime melodrama. Fair.
Behind the Mask: Hospital drama. Fair.
Blue Denim: Drama. Fair.
Born to Be Loved: Drama. Fair.
Born Reckless: Rodeo comedy. Fair.
The Bridal Path: British comedy. Good.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.
Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.
Cry Tough: Crime drama. Good.
Darby O'Gill and the Little People: Comic fantasy. Fair.
The F.B.I. Story: G-man drama. Good.
The Five Pennies: Biog-musical. Good.
The Heart of a Man: Comedy. Fair.
Holiday for Lovers: Comedy. Fair.
A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.
It Started With a Kiss: "Naughty" comedy. Good.
Last Train From Gun Hill: Suspense western. Good.
Legend of Tom Dooley: Drama. Good.
Look Back in Anger: Drama. Good.
The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.
Middle of the Night: Drama. Fair.
Miracle of the Hills: "Inspirational" western. Fair.
North by Northwest: Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.
The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.
Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.
Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.
A Private's Affair: Comedy. Fair.
Return of the Fly: Horror. Poor.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
Sapphire: British whodunit. Fair.
Say One for Me: Comedy drama. Fair.
The Scapegoat: Drama. Fair.
Tarzan's Greatest Adventure: Melodrama in jungle. Fair.
10 Seconds to Hell: Suspense. Fair.
That Kind of Woman: Drama. Fair.
The 30-Foot Bride of Candy Rock: Science fiction farce. Poor.
Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.
Too Many Crooks: Comedy. Good.
Warlock: Western. Good.
Whirlpool: Riverfront drama. Poor.

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How is hospital insurance working out? continued from page 28

"It's as though all patients suddenly inherited a fortune," says a Vancouver medical director

of approximately two dollars a month for individuals and four dollars for families. The Ontario program requires all employee groups of fifteen or more to belong and pay similar premiums. For others, membership is voluntary. Prince Edward Island, which joined October 1, uses the Ontario system but with employee groups of five or more.

What an insured person is entitled to can best be described as "everything that is done for him in a hospital." This includes bed, meals and nursing, drugs and medicines, laboratory, X-ray and other diagnostic procedures, use of operating room, anesthetic equipment and surgical supplies, use of therapy equipment, and all services done by personnel who are paid by the hospital, including staff doctors and technicians. The only costs not covered by government hospital insurance are for such trivial items as telephone calls and the cost of drugs or equipment he takes home for use during convalescence — rental of crutches, for example.

If a patient is treated by his personal physician in hospital, the doctor's fee is not covered by insurance. But the range of diseases and disabilities for which a patient can receive free hospitalization is wide. He can even be admitted for plastic surgery — provided it is "medically indicated" and not for motives of mere vanity. He can go into hospital for dental surgery, provided the operation requires hospital facilities beyond what are available to a dentist in his own office. If a patient needs a skin graft, the donor's stay in hospital is covered by the patient's insurance. Mental illness and tuberculosis are not covered by the program, however.

Is the insured person's health better protected? On several counts, the answer is yes. First, the patient's freedom from hospital bills plays a measurable part in his recovery in many cases. This "psychological medicine" is well recognized by doctors. "I count a patient two steps on his way to recovery if he doesn't have to worry about money," says one doctor.

No doubt of what to do

Another benefit to the patient is closely related to this fact. Doctors too worry about their patients' finances—and quite rightly. A patient's symptoms and his solvency may both influence the doctor's diagnosis. And with hospital insurance the doctor can concentrate on the symptoms and disregard the cost.

"A man comes to me with a belly ache," explains a doctor with a small-town practice. "My office examination shows nothing suspicious. I know that man and his family's medical history. They've been my patients for years. I feel it's almost certainly not cancer. I also know he has no savings and is having a hard struggle to make ends meet.

"What shall I decide? Give him a simple prescription for indigestion—or send him off to a city hospital for an expensive series of X-rays? I know that the costs of travel, hospitalization, diagnostic procedures and loss of pay at his job are going to mean real hardship for him and his family. Before hospital insurance I would probably have given him the prescription. Today there's no doubt what I would decide: off to the hospital with him."

Not only is a doctor more likely to place a patient in hospital if that offers even a slight advantage to diagnosis and treatment, but he is also inclined to prescribe what he considers the ideal amount of drugs, medication and therapy, since these are part of the "hospital insurance package" and have no bearing on the patient's ability to pay.

"It is," comments Dr. Lawrence Ranta, assistant medical director of Vancouver General Hospital, "as though all patients suddenly inherited a fortune. Each of them has a bank account, a nest egg that can be used only to buy hospital services."

Is this hospital service, which has to be paid for by taxation and insurance premiums, costing more? The answer, as far as Canada as a whole is concerned, is yes on two counts. First, hospital costs have been going up for several years in much the same way that shoes, beefsteak and everything else has been going up. The government hospital insurance plans budgeted for a six to eight percent increase in hospital operating costs in the insurance year 1959, approximately the same increase as in recent pre-insurance years.

Second, the increased use of hospitals will result in a larger national hospital bill. Just how much larger nobody will know until figures for the first full year of government hospital insurance are compiled. But insurance officials believe this increase will be moderate. For one thing, many hospitals — especially the larger ones — have been operating at or near full capacity for years. For another, insurance regulations tend to replace chronic patients with active-treatment cases who can benefit from the use of expensive equipment which forms part of the cost of operating a hospital whether it is used or not.

But the cost of hospitalization to the individual patient is very much lower under hospital insurance. Like any other form of insurance, government hospital insurance spreads the risk of unexpected "catastrophe" costs among everyone to whom an emergency *might* happen instead of among the fewer persons to whom it *does* happen.

In the year before government hospital insurance, for example, two and a quarter million residents of the nine provinces were patients in public hospitals and paid bills amounting to two hundred and thirty-five million dollars. This year the number will be somewhat larger, but the cost to individual patients will be nominal.

The actual cash outlay will vary with the provinces. In Newfoundland the only cost is an unidentifiable part of the provincial taxes. Alberta covers all residents without premium or special tax, but charges patients one to two dollars a day while they are in hospital as a deterrent to unnecessary use of facilities. British Columbia charges a similar deterrent fee and raises part of its share of the cost of the program by a sales tax. Thus visitors from other parts of Canada and even the United States contribute to the hospital costs of B.C. residents. Nova Scotia, also through a sales tax, adds to its hospital insurance fund through visitors' contributions. Quebec, which has not entered the plan, involuntarily contributes to the hospital costs of other Canadian provinces through federal taxes.

The plan falls about seven percent short of full coverage of the residents of the nine provinces for two reasons. In Ontario and P.E.I. not all the people who may volunteer to join have done so, and in the provinces where membership — and the payment of premiums — is compulsory, about three percent of the people are "holdouts." They are subject to prosecution and fines.

How much will patients actually save in hospital bills? For a few extreme cases hospitalized for the whole year the saving will be as much as $7,500. The average bill for all patients covered by government hospital insurance this year will range from $120 to $250, depending on what it costs a particular hospital to care for its patients during their stay, which averages ten days. One financial break insured patients lose is deduction of hospital costs from income tax, permitted when they paid the bills themselves or by means of commercial insurance policies.

The quoted rate of hospital care has gone up sharply. To take a typical example, at the Oshawa, Ont., general hospital the old ward rate was nine dollars, the new rate $19.80. But, as in all other hospitals covered by the plan, that is because the old rate covered only bed, meals and nursing. The new rate covers use of all the hospital's facilities. Insurance pays for standard ward accommodation. Semi-private or private rooms cost patients three to six dollars a day extra.

Is insurance overcrowding hospitals?

When hospital insurance started, hospitals already operating at capacity found their waiting lists doubled in some cases; hospitals that usually had beds to spare quickly filled up. It seemed that warnings from many sources, including the Canadian Medical Association, were proving valid: insurance would lead to serious overcrowding. Yet by the middle of the year most hospitals could report that if the demand for beds was not back to normal, it was back to manageable proportions.

There were several reasons for this. January brings a heavy demand for hospitalization anyway. People put off entering hospital until after the Christmas-New Year holiday. People go home for the holiday and want to get back in. People break bones in falls on ice, get heart attacks shoveling snow or pushing frozen cars. In addition, many people postponed entering hospital for operations or treatment in the late months of 1958, waiting for hospital insurance to take effect.

But even when this temporary log-jam

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of patients strained the supply of hospital beds still couldn't meet the demand. The chief bottleneck was the high proportion of chronic patients, most of them holdovers from pre-insurance times, who stayed on long after active treatment was completed. A typical complaint was that of Earl Davey, board president of the Greater Niagara General Hospital:

"Fifty percent of our beds are occupied by people who shouldn't be there while we have a waiting list for operations as long as your arm. We have our operating rooms and an excellent staff but no beds. The situation is a mess."

At the Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., hospital patients who overstayed their medical needs during January prevented ninety other patients from being admitted. The Oshawa, Ont., general hospital had seventy chronic patients occupying active treatment beds.

Today most of these patients have been placed in less expensive accommodation at home, in nursing homes or in institutions for the chronically ill. This feat of hospital logistics was achieved by a new implement in hospital management: admission and discharge committees. A and D committees, as they are called, consist of about a dozen staff doctors, and have the final decision, in consultation with the patient's own doctor, as to whether a patient needs hospital facilities in the first place and as to when a patient no longer needs active treatment in a general hospital and should be discharged or transferred.

Decisions of the A and D committees are based purely on medical considerations. The committees' activities have not resulted in patients being discharged before their condition warrants it, hospital authorities say. In fact, the average patient stays in hospital a fraction of a day longer than before insurance came into effect.

Are hospitals better run under government insurance? The program has certainly eased the financial problems of day-to-day operation for many hospitals that formerly struggled along under stringencies imposed by recurrent deficits. (In the year before government insurance hospitals in the nine provinces ran sixteen million dollars in the red.)

Government insurance officials keep close watch on hospital budgets—but not as close as hospitals themselves often were forced to keep. Operating costs allowed now for example stretch to such comparative luxuries as new sheets. A year ago many women in hospital auxiliaries were kept busy darning hospital linen. Now they can turn their efforts to more constructive measures for the welfare and comfort of patients.

Hospitals may be run more efficiently too, because their budgets let them compete on slightly more even terms with other employers for the services of technicians and nurses. The non-professional hospital workers who serve patients—orderlies, maids, cleaners, kitchen help—have been getting better pay and shorter hours since hospitals have been financed by government insurance.

"We haven't tried for as much as we think the workers are entitled to," says Albert Hearn, Canadian head of the Building Service Employees International Union, "because we know that hospital financing will always be tight. But we've noticed that hospital board members—many of them businessmen accustomed to dealing with much tougher union demands—seem relieved to be able to give hospital workers a better deal."

But the better deal for hospitals and their staffs, and therefore for patients, may be temporary, the Canadian Hospital Association has warned. This is because although the government plan pays the operating expenses of hospitals, it does not cover payment of interest or principal or allow for depreciation.

Some hospitals, built by fund-raising campaigns supplemented by government grants amounting to about one third the cost, are free of capital debt. Others have raised building funds principally by bond issues and are heavily in debt. Many of these are hospitals operated by nuns in Roman Catholic religious orders.

Religious hospitals carry five times the interest burden of lay hospitals. One hospital alone, Ottawa General, operated by the Grey Nuns of the Cross, must find more than half a million dollars a year to cover interest on its capital debt and depreciation.

Hospitals do get some help with capital debts. This year the Ontario government granted $150 per bed for this purpose. Salaries that would otherwise go to unpaid sisters in Roman Catholic hospitals are included in operating costs granted by government insurance, and this money swells the hospital treasury. Half the extra charge for semi-private and private rooms is kept by the hospitals.

But the Ontario Hospital Association contends that in some cases this help is not enough; that already hospitals are finding it difficult to borrow money for refunding, and that fund-raising campaigns may meet with indifference from the public under the mistaken impression that "the government is looking after the hospitals."

Future patients are not, however, likely to be deprived of hospital accommodation because hospitals go out of business. The people concerned agree that the problem will be worked out somehow. "No government would ever allow a hospital to close for debt," said one official. "The public needs hospitals too badly."

Have doctors' services to patients been affected by hospital insurance? The answer is that insurance has made patients both less of a problem and more of a problem to doctors.

Apart from the fact, mentioned earlier, that doctors can prescribe fuller treatment for patients who do not have to bear hospital costs, the collection of fees is easier—both on the patient and for the doctor who does not have to feel he must share his fee with the cost of hospitalization.

"We cannot deny this is a factor," said an official of the Ontario Medical Association, "especially in areas where few people belong to medical service plans." (In big cities and industrial towns doctors find that as many as eighty percent of patients carry some medical-fee insurance.)

One letter of thanks

But government hospital insurance posed one serious problem for the medical profession. Medical students have traditionally received an important part of their training in the wards of "teaching hospitals" associated with medical schools. Seventy of Canada's largest hospitals are in this class. The ward patient was often a charity case, and even if he were not, all ward patients in teaching hospitals are treated only by staff doctors who in many cases were also medical professors who made their rounds with a retinue of students. This often resulted in more thorough attention than the patient might get from his own doctor, and many patients enjoyed the attention.

Others did not. They resented the "charity case" implication. They resented the impersonal attitude toward them that teachers and students sometimes took. Women in particular were reluctant to submit to intimate examinations by a group of students.

When government hospital insurance came in and in effect made all patients private patients, the Association of Canadian Medical Colleges expressed concern to Federal Health Minister Monteith over the availability of patients for teaching purposes. Monteith said he recognized the problem, and gave the colleges a hint that could solve it—and incidentally give the patient's role in medical teaching new importance.

"I can do no better," said the minister, "than point to the experience of British Columbia and Saskatchewan, which have had public insurance plans for a number of years and which, I understand, have evolved satisfactory arrangements."

The methods used in British Columbia and Saskatchewan to secure patients' co-operation as "teaching material" turns out to be simple yet effective. Take the patient into your confidence, treat him considerately, make him part of the team.

Dr. Irwin Hilliard, professor of medicine at the University of Saskatchewan, gives an example of why only one out of every sixty patients in the university's hospital at Saskatoon decline to be "taught on" by professors.

Patients are never whisked away to a lecture without consultation. Their meals are arranged ahead of time or kept warm until after the lecture. Adjacent to the lecture theatres are comfortable private waiting rooms with a pleasant nurse in attendance. The staff is responsible for seeing that the patient arrives just in time and is not kept waiting. The student is made to realize that whatever he does has to be for the patient's good as well as his own training. He learns to treat the patient with the same consideration he will give his first patient in practice.

Canadian insurance companies, which lost about fifteen percent of their business in the field of health insurance when the government took over hospitalization coverage, are making determined efforts to hold on to what remains. Companies that write ninety-seven percent of health policies have formed the Canadian Health Insurance Association, both to prevent what they call "further government encroachment" and to devise alternative plans to supplement government hospital insurance.

How does the group principally affected—the public—express its feelings about hospital insurance? One answer is that in Ontario, after six months of operation during which four hundred thousand people had been saved about fifty million dollars in hospital bills, the Hospital Services Commission received just one letter of thanks from a grateful beneficiary.

"But that doesn't make us feel badly," says David Ogilvie, Ontario director of hospital insurance. "We consider that the matter-of-fact acceptance of the plan proves that the public both needed it and was ready for it." ★

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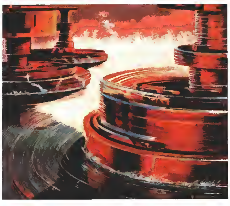

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Stage fright: the strongest phobia

continued from page 26

Short, thin Frank Sinatra froze at the prospect of playing a burly cowboy in Carousel

There seems no pattern to this fickle demon. It is not necessarily the herald of an outstanding performance—nor of a bad one. Toronto actress Barbara Chilcott for years battled tension so convulsive that she had to fight her voice down to its normal register each night before going on. Yet when bolstered by chiropractic and psychiatric treatment she finally faced a role, Antigone, with some confidence, the critics were unmoved and the public uninterested. She had won much more acclaim for an earlier appearance as Shaw's Candida.

The performance that established the mad-eyed little English tragedian Edmund Kean as the first star and genius of the Regency stage was his Shylock at Drury Lane. Yet the night he unveiled it, January 26, 1814, he told his wife evenly, "I wish I were going to be shot," and walked to the theatre through the London slush like a man going to his damnation.

It's not only the chubby Christmas elf that goes howling from the Sunday School stage. Frank Sinatra, Hollywood's most sought-after actor, did approximately the same in 1955 when he walked off the location of Carousel, in which he was to star. For weeks beforehand Sinatra had been morose and irritable, and at one point had asked a close friend, "How can I play Billy Bigelow? He's a big, strong guy with a big, strong voice, and look at me." He showed up on schedule at the Carousel set in Maine, but after three days of temperamental stalling climbed into his Cadillac and simply drove away. He never made the picture.

No actor is entirely immune, yet many, including so able a one as Barry Morse, claim they feel no fright at all—only the bubbling rush of excitement like *champagne brut* in the veins.

Why does one actor cower in the face of an ordeal and another rise gaily to a challenge? How can a third shake in the wings till he hears his cue, flip away his cigarette and walk coolly on-stage? Is there a cure for stage fright? An inoculation against it?

Van Cliburn prays

The search for some antidote has driven actors to barbiturates, to tranquilizers, to backstage chain-smoking and to drink. Orson Welles keeps his dresser standing by in the wings with a gill of brandy and has been reported to down two bottles on matinee days. Flora Robson keeps *her* dresser standing by with a bowl in case of emergencies.

An American actress, Carolyn Jones, resorts to yoga. Pianist Van Cliburn doses himself with pills and nose drops before a concert, then he sits bolt upright for several minutes with his eyes closed, inhales four times till his lungs are ready to burst and lets out the air in four installments. He ends his preliminaries with a prayer. Donald Davis, actor and part-owner of Toronto's Crest Theatre, relies on his osteopath and pre-performance steam baths to control the collywobbles. His brother Murray consults a chiropractor. A Toronto musician, appalled at learning he was to be shown in close-up on the TV program Music Makers, fled to a hypnotist for help. One Park Avenue psychiatrist had twelve actors on his books at the same time, all undergoing analysis to get rid of stage fright.

And almost all performers indulge in those strange forms of exorcism represented by good-luck charms and superstitious observances. Even Morse admits to ceremonial precautions: he always puts on his make-up stark naked; his costume comes last; if he has to wear full beard he always applies the moustache before the chin piece, and he recently discovered that just before every entrance he automatically rocks up on his toes and down again, taking a deep breath like an athlete poising himself for the starting pistol.

Indeed the athlete too is gripped by stage fright. Maurice "Rocket" Richard, for example, commonly vomits before every game. It is a form of stage fright that makes the teen-ager refuse her dinner before her first date, that makes the door-to-door salesman swallow spasmodically and wipe his palms before he rings the doorbell, that makes the fashion model gulp back tears en route to the runway, and that makes former U.S. President Harry Truman say as he takes the platform for a give-'em-hell speech, "Every time I do this I swear I never will again."

A feeling of being threatened is the common factor. The athlete is threatened by a standard of play he fears he may not achieve, the teen-ager is threatened by approval she fears she may not be attractive enough to win, the salesman and the public speaker by minds they may not be able to sway. The actor is threatened in the same way.

Some actors simply flee

All the physiological responses to danger occur. Blood vessels contract, which is why the scalp prickles "as though a centipede, its feet carefully iced, were running about in the roots of your hair," according to Ellen Terry. The familiar cold sweat once ran so profusely on the face of Donald Davis before a Stratford production of Julius Caesar his make-up ran and his beard wouldn't stick. In Winnipeg, soprano Dame Nellie Melba had so much trouble breathing before a recital she demanded — and got — a tank of oxygen to revive her.

The greater the fear the stronger the bodily response to it. A dry throat may turn to laryngitis and loss of voice, prickly skin may intensify into a rash, breathlessness may turn into an asthma attack. The late Robert Donat used to sit in his dressing room gasping and strangling until curtain time.

There is only one known remedy for such symptoms: facing the audience. Donat's asthma always left him during his opening speech and he could breathe normally throughout the play. Actress Katherine Blake reported recently, "I get terribly cold beforehand, especially my hands, and I shake all over. But it goes completely when I walk on stage."

The performer on-stage is even capable of more than normal feats. His pain threshold rises. Christopher Plummer played the last act of Henry V at Stratford, Ont., with a broken ankle; the minute the curtain calls were over he was incapable of taking a step.

But sometimes if the fear has been too great the answering energy erupts in flight. Eli Rill, proprietor of a "method" acting studio in New York, recalls having literally to drag one young actor into the theatre and keep him on-stage. Maud Gill, an English character actress, reports that on the opening night of a costume drama some years ago the boy who was cast as her lover took one terror-stricken look at the audience, mumbled "I fear must leave thee," and left.

Sometimes the flight takes place deep in the subconscious. Dr. Clarence Hincks, a Toronto psychologist, was called in by a theatre manager on one occasion to help him rouse the leading man in a play that was to open that night; the actor had fallen into a deep, coma-like sleep, and would not waken. Hincks slapped him into a twilight state and planted the post-hypnotic suggestion that he would be brilliant in the play. He was. An understudy in London, on being told he was to replace Sir John Gielgud that night in Romeo and Juliet, turned stone deaf.

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What tips the scales from combat to panic flight? In most cases it is a specific hazard added to the general fear: the genuine hazard say of unlearned lines or unfamiliar props, or too little rehearsal in a new play or an alien setting. When a former spear-carrier from Tony Pastor's show-boat was hired for an opera chorus she had violent nerves on opening night. "I've never been in this kind of show before," she kept wailing. "My, how I miss my spirit!"

Gielgud's understudy's extra hazard was that he didn't know his lines. Rall's panicky method actor was dreading his opening speech because it was to be delivered in the hot white glare of a single spot on the apron of the stage and addressed straight to the audience like a soliloquy.

Yet the fear of [illegible] seems out of proportion to the reality. Actors often forget lines on-stage. Actors before now have entered too soon, repeated speeches, interjected speeches from the wrong play, missed cues, played listlessly, knocked down scenery and fallen flat on their faces. The worst that can happen is failure and the end of a career.

Do they despise the audience?

Even the performer's nightmare — a phenomenon so familiar that it's called "the actor's dream" — is bearable in reality. In the dream the actor is simply on stage in a play not one line of which he knows. Marvyn Blake, an émigré English actor, has literally lived through it.

As a beginner in England Blake was hired to play several parts with a touring company that was leaving London the following day. In the caravan the next morning he was told matter-of-factly that he would be playing in The Rivals at the [illegible] that afternoon. He had not yet opened his copy of the text.

As they bumped over the roads he read the lines dumbly; scarcely any of them stuck. When the troupe arrived at the girls' school where they were to play, Blake was pinned into a wig and shoved into the wings. He was still gazing dumbly at the rows of schoolgirls, each holding open her copy of the play, when he was pushed on stage. In a kind of fever he heard another actor — with the bright preface "I know just what you were going to say" — repeat his opening speech for him. Then the actor pushed him into another position and, with the same preface, donned Blake's next speech. The rest of the afternoon was like blind man's buff. Blake was passed from one mouthpiece to another, pushed off stage and on, handed around; finally he finished up in the wings and the play was over. He went on again that night, and the next day and the next, and at the end of two weeks he knew all his parts.

What is the performer really frightened of?

The performer, who on the whole is mildly ashamed of his own symptoms, is apt to dismiss the question. "Making a fool of myself, I suppose," he'll say lightly. Though the formal literature on the subject is meagre, at least one writer takes the answer seriously. An American, M. L. Goodhue, in a book on the treatment of stage fright, says stage fright is "an accumulation of impressions of inferiority." It is true that performers who would not panic in the face of technical difficulties may doubt themselves whenever some deep-rooted childhood nerve is touched. Sinatra, for example, grew up hating the birth scars on his face and his puny build, and the role of robust handsome Billy Bigelow in Carousel seemed to trigger some old feeling of unworthiness.

A German psychologist, Halli Stable, has come to a different conclusion. "The stage fright of actors," he writes, "is rooted in the relations of the artist to the public of which he is in need, which he tries to bring under his spell, which he despises and at whose mercy he is." Occasionally a layman gets a glimpse of such dark undercurrents. The daughter of a theatre manager in Winnipeg once observed Mrs. Patrick Campbell converting her gracious curtain wave, as the curtain descended to hide her, into a scornful cocked snook.

And an American actor grew so certain the audience was an enemy that he went mad from imagining each night that someone in it was going to shoot him.

The actor may be afraid of the audience because he needs its love, or afraid of himself in case he cannot dominate it. It is also possible to suspect that his fear is purposeful, an unconscious wooing of crisis, a trap the performer closes on himself because the total concentration that can make him better than he deserves to be comes only when he stands truly at bay, every sense and faculty alert.

At least one actor thinks the fright itself is the root and motive of performance. Not long ago Donald Davis asked, "Why is one willing to take that risk every night? I suppose it's for the same reason that people risk their lives racing cars," he answered himself, "or risk their whole professional careers for a sordid visit to a red light district. It's the gamble, the satisfaction of fear itself." ★

The meteoric career of "Flying Phil" Gaglardi

continued from page 33

"I wasn't really born in a tent," he admits sadly. "Perhaps a house with a canvas roof"

and a good friend to everyone in the community. No one can say a bad word against Phil and make it stick. He's gone to bat for hundreds of followers who needed help. There was one chronic alcoholic — Phil spent more time with him than he would with the lieutenant-governor."

Gaglardi's beginnings were humble. He was born in Mission City in the Fraser Valley on January 13, 1913, the sixth of eleven children of Italian immigrant parents. A frequently told story is that he was born in a tent, but he says, "My sister now tells me that isn't so." As if reluctant to discard the story altogether, he adds: "It was probably a house with a canvas roof."

His father was a CPR section hand who later kept a small store. The family was Roman Catholic, but turned to Protestantism while he was still a boy.

"No one," he says, "could have had a happier childhood than I had. I roamed the hills like a wild creature." Gaglardi's formal education stopped short at grade eight.

At first he scrambled for a living, doing odd jobs as a mechanic and truck driver. At sixteen he went to work in the woods and eventually became a bulldozer operator. His mastery of many jobs is noted in a flurry of Gaglardi comments: "I was a born mechanic. Anything that wouldn't run, if I couldn't make it run, then it just wasn't runnable. I could bank a load of logs before they could turn the truck around. I was a bulldozer expert. I could almost earn my own [illegible]. I could plane a highway as flat as that floor. I could make a grade — boy, I'll tell you!" He lived the lusty life of the logging and construction camps of British Columbia: "I'd fight at the drop of a hat. I was a heavy drinker. I did my share of fooling around."

But that life, he found, was an empty one. Soon he was studying for the ministry, spending a year — 1937 — at the Northwest Bible College, a Pentecostal seminary in Seattle. He was ordained in 1938 after a year in the field as an evangelist.

"I preach with fervor"

He returned to Mission City and there in December 1938 married Jennie Sandin, a tall, quiet-spoken woman preacher of Swedish descent who had been his pastor in the Mission City church. Miss Sandin had been transferred to Langley, a nearby town, and after their marriage Gaglardi took over her pastorate.

In 1945 the church sent him to Kamloops. The first six months there Gaglardi, helped by volunteers from among his handful of followers, worked night and day virtually rebuilding an old ramshackle church. He and Jennie and their two infant sons, Robert, now eighteen, and William, now fifteen, lived in the church basement.

Gaglardi then set about building a congregation. Soon his voice was resounding daily over the local radio station. He was to be seen everywhere, making friends with everyone. By 1950 he had become the most talked-about man in Kamloops. Every Sunday his church was packed. The seating capacity was increased several times until it reached four hundred and fifty. Still there were Sundays when people were turned away.

Why did they come?

"I think because of my earnestness," Gaglardi explains. "I believe what I preach and I preach it with fervor. Then I don't put on any airs. I'm not a clergyman in that sense. I'm an ordinary fellow. There's nothing false about me."

Gaglardi says he did not seek a political career; it was thrust upon him. He had joined the Social Credit party because of its "high moral standards" and then, in spite of his repeated objections, was nominated to run, in 1952, in the Kamloops constituency.

The reluctant candidate not only won, but came close to capturing the premier

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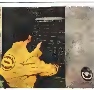

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ship itself. When the leaderless Socreds suddenly found themselves in power, a party caucus named W. A. C. Bennett, a well-to-do hardware merchant from Kelowna, as premier. He was two votes ahead of the bouncy little evangelist from Kamloops.

Gaglardi has since been the prime target of opposition newspapers and political sharpshooters.

More than once the Vancouver Sun and the Victoria Times have accused the cabinet minister of flying home to Kamloops to his other career every weekend in a government plane. Gaglardi denies he uses a government plane that often and he says he's conducting government business when he does.

When Neil McCallum, chief engineer of the highways department, resigned in 1956 he said he quit because a proposed reorganization of the department seemed to him "unworkable." The Sun attributed discontent in the department — other senior men resigned about the same time —to Gaglardi's alleged interference with technical and mechanical decisions. For instance, a committee of engineers, chaired by McCallum, wanted to lead a highway across the Fraser River by bridge. Gaglardi plumped for a tunnel, which has since been dug and is now in use.

The Sun has since attributed the phrase "a triumph of imagination over engineering facts" to Gaglardi in connection with this controversy. Gaglardi insists the Sun invented the phrase.

When eighteen men died in the collapse of a section of the Second Narrows Bridge, the Sun attacked him. He protested: "They blamed me. Was I holding it up and went for coffee or something?"

At a cost of roughly five million dollars, he has built two huge ferries, each capable of carrying one hundred and fifty cars, and early next year he'll have them plying daily between Vancouver Island and B.C.'s Lower Mainland in competition with two privately owned lines. The Sun and other anti-Gaglardi elements view the whole scheme with disfavor.

Flying Phil has never denied he's a three-time loser to the RCMP on speeding raps but he does wonder why they've nabbed him only recently when he's been driving for thirty-two years. "I am a fast driver," he admits. "I do everything fast. I talk fast, I work fast, I act fast, I think fast. I'm fast everywhere. I was born in a hurry and I've been in a hurry ever since. And I'm not slow to anything." Still, he maintains he didn't raise the speed limit to sixty miles per hour because he likes speeding, but because he says it's the safest speed.

Faced with an appalling increase in traffic deaths, George Lindsay, superintendent of the motor vehicles branch in B.C., blamed it on the sixty-mile-per-hour zones created on twenty-two highways. Fundamentalist Gaglardi discounted this, saying alcohol, not speed, was the big killer.

Though he has become accustomed to this constant harassment on the secular front, Gaglardi was slightly taken aback when the opening of his new Kamloops church, a fine edifice with such modern conveniences as a glass-walled crying room for infants, provoked a storm in the press and in the legislature.

"I sleep only five hours"

The opening one Sunday in January 1958 was staged in the grandiose Gaglardi manner. At his request Canadian Pacific Airlines had donated the use of an airliner to fly thirty-two prominent businessmen, including Ralph Pybus, president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, to Kamloops. The lieutenant-governor, Frank Ross, arrived by private railroad car, and Robert G. Le Tourneau, Texas millionaire and self-styled "God's businessman," came in his own plane.

The new church was jammed and overflow crowds filled the basement as well as the old church next door as Gaglardi began the dedication service with a solo, Bless This House, to be followed by Premier Bennett reading from the Scriptures. Then Frank Ross, who earlier in the day had attended Sunday school where he heard hundreds of children sing Kamloops is for Jesus — Watch out Devil, cut the ceremonial ribbon. Le Tourneau preached the sermon.

Quoting Gaglardi, the Sun reported next day that although it was valued at $150,000 the new church had cost only fifty to seventy-five thousand to build because labor had been donated and materials supplied at cut rates. This caused Robert Strachan, the CCF leader, to ask: "Are these firms making contributions because he was building a church or because he is minister of highways?"

Recently I spent a weekend with this astonishing little man. It began at eight on a Friday morning in August when I joined him at breakfast in the Hotel Vancouver. He'd been awake since five, reading government reports in bed. "I need only five hours sleep," he said. "The help of God, that's the real basis of my energy."

Our attempts at an interview were constantly frustrated by the ringing of the telephone. He'd pick up the instrument with a flourish and, with great heartiness, shout into it: "Yes sir! Yes, sir. Fine! That's for sure! ... One hundred percent! That's for sure!"

Shortly after noon we were galloping across the street together to another hotel where he was to address a businessmen's luncheon. Gaglardi spoke about Gaglardi's adventures with the RCMP, Gaglardi's trials and tribulations with the press, the great shining future of British Columbia, hydro-electric power, highways, the annual labor-management relations and the government-owned railway, and then, with a "God bless you! Nice to be with you!" delivered with the inflections of a Jimmy Durante, he was gone.

We picked up our luggage, piled into a government-owned Oldsmobile and headed for the airport. He drove aggressively, muttering a "God bless you" whenever another motorist caused him annoyance.

We flew to Kamloops in a government plane. Gaglardi was at pains to assure me he usually makes his weekend trips by train; he was flying this time only because he'd need the plane for a business journey on Monday. It was almost four o'clock when we reached Kamloops, still he went directly to his highways office where twelve appointments had been arranged for him. Other tasks kept him busy almost until midnight.

I caught up with him on Saturday morning at about ten at Calvary Temple. He'd been busy since eight and now was about to record five fifteen-minute radio broadcasts, as he does every Saturday morning—one to be heard each weekday over five stations. "Good morning all! Top of the morning to you on this fine Monday morning, friend o' mine!"

And so he'd race through one recording after another, ad libbing every word and faltering only momentarily when in an introduction he'd lose track of the day of the week.

Once again highways and church business kept Gaglardi from sleep until nearly midnight, but at eight-thirty the next morning, as chipper as ever, he was at the local radio station delivering his regular half-hour Sunday message and urging his listeners—always addressed familiarly and in the singular as "friend o' mine"—to be sure to come to Calvary Temple that evening to hear his answer to the question that today is uppermost in the minds of all men: "Am I my own boss?"

By 9.15 he was at the temple to see that all eleven of his volunteer bus drivers were ready to leave on their regular Sunday rounds. Then in his own car he made two trips, as he does every Sunday, to bring children to Sunday school.

Four hundred and thirty-one children came. Jennie Gaglardi led them through the lively opening exercises, the children clapping their hands joyfully as they sang, "God bless our Sunday school" and "B-I-B-L-E—that's the book for me."

When the lessons began Gaglardi took charge of the teen-agers' class as he always does. He told them the story of Sampson and, thrusting a warning finger in their direction and his voice booming, he said: "The whisky boys are after you. Yes, sir! They're after you just as they were after Sampson. To mock you! Yes, sir, to mock you!"

Hardly had he discharged his Sunday school class than he was mounting the pulpit for the morning devotional service. Then after rushing to his home for a lunch of roast beef and for a nap, he returned to the church at five to conduct a prayer meeting. In the winter he rushes from this meeting to telecast a fifteen-minute fireside chat called Man to Man. Shortly after seven he was again in the church preparing for the evangelistic meeting he considers to be his main appearance of the day.

There was also this another quick trip home, for coffee and sandwiches, before he appeared in the pulpit again to broadcast a radio service from 10.15 to 10.45.

As he finished, I asked him, "Are you tired?" He was almost offended. "No siree!" he said. "No siree! I'm in business twenty-four hours a day. Got to be."

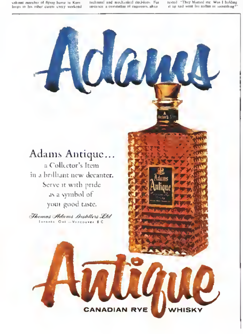
This, I was to discover, is no figure of speech: he is in business twenty-four hours a day. Back at my hotel that night I curiously dialed 3170, one of two telephone numbers given to me by Mrs. Gaglardi, and in a moment I heard a familiar recorded voice: "This is Phil Gaglardi coming your way with a minute message."

I hung up thinking that in British Columbia, as in Kamloops, there is no escaping Phil Gaglardi. He is, as they say, as near as your telephone. ★

Advancing years

I once thought middle-age to be
Approximately thirty-three.
Then, somewhat later on, I knew
That it was nearer forty-two.
But recently I notice I've
Pegged this age at fifty-five.
The evidence distinctly shows
As I grow older, up it goes.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



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Why I'm through with sports continued from page 30

"The NHL is becoming a circus and the referees are the clowns"

sional hockey players are paid to win. As it happened though, both plays backfired and ended in Montreal goals. Otherwise nobody in the rink would have paid any attention.

It's possible, although unlikely since I was so close, that I was wrong both times. This doesn't change the case in any way; both were what are known as judgment decisions. If the referee called a penalty on every judgment decision that comes up in hockey, the goalkeepers would play most of every game by themselves and the third period would usually start at dawn. It went unnoticed in the uproar, but in that game I called twenty-two penalties, just seven short of the all-time record for NHL playoff games, and twelve of them were against Montreal.

It's no secret that the governors of the NHL want fast hockey, which is crowd-pleasing hockey, instead of an all-night waltz to the tune of the referee's whistle. It's not much more of a secret that the six-man board of governors, who represent the owners of the six teams in the league, have instructed their employees, including the referees, that this is the kind of hockey they want. I have a stinging memory of a meeting a couple of years ago in which I was speaking for the referees. One of the governors, whose name I don't think it would be fair to mention since he spoke for all six, stood up, slammed his fist on the table and said: "We own this league and by God you'll run it the way we tell you to."

Here I'm coming close to my real reason for resigning. Up to a point, of course, the governor was right. Hockey is a business and its employees naturally have to take orders from the owners of the business; referees are no exception. But to me, and I think to many Canadians, hockey is something more than a business. In recent years this something more, which has always entitled big-league hockey to the respect of its fans, has been too often ignored.

The NHL is becoming a circus and the referees are the clowns. This was the final reason for my resignation. It's too late for anybody to make me over into a professional clown. And as a circus, I believe the NHL could become a second-rate sideshow in place of what is still a brilliant national sport. This is strong language, I know. I wouldn't use it if I wasn't sure this drift toward burlesque is a serious threat to big-league hockey.

Somewhere along the line the men in charge of the NHL—the governors and their top executive, president Campbell—have forgotten where to peg the dividing line between fast and rugged hockey and a free-for-all.

In hockey a certain amount of stretch in the rules is good for the game. On an average night in the NHL the referee sees about a hundred violations of the rules. He rarely blows the whistle on more than twenty of them. By overlooking infractions that harm nobody in a dull game, he can often step up the pace. In a wild game, by bearing down on a few of the violations he'd normally ignore, he can sometimes cool off the hotheads and avoid a donnybrook. In either case he has orders to keep the third period moving as fast as possible. The owners want the fans to leave the rink with a charge of excitement that will bring them back for the next game.

The NHL governors know all this as well as I do. They also know that this much flexibility in the rules makes the referee a wide-open target for distrust and criticism. When he can penalize a player for fouling one minute and look the other way when the same thing happens later, he needs unarguable authority and the respect of the players, the coaches and the fans to make his decisions stick. When the NHL rakes him over the coals for calling too many penalties one night—as the league often does—and then rakes him back over in the opposite direction the next night for not calling enough—as the league did to me last April—the referee loses everybody's respect, including his own.

The result is lawless hockey, and I'm convinced lawless hockey is bad sport and bad business. The players don't know from one game to the next what they can get away with; naturally they try to get away with anything. There are no box scores on injuries, but I've been on top of the play in the NHL for nine years and if there wasn't half as much blood again shed by high sticks in NHL ranks in 1959 as there was in 1950 I will eat my detachable bow tie. This kind of lawlessness has been tolerated to encourage fast crowd-pleasing hockey, but there comes a point when hockey doesn't get any faster. It just gets sloppier. This is the point the NHL is approaching now.

Lawlessness doesn't stop on the ice. The league has rules governing team officials and the rinks should have rules governing fans. One of the league regulations is known as the gag rule. It's there to preserve the authority and respect the referee needs to do his job; it simply states that nobody employed by the NHL will publicly attack a referee. If a man's employers want to give him hell in private they have every right to do just that, and a referee is in the same boat as everybody else. But if the NHL wants to denounce its referees in public, as it has been doing every now and then for the last few years, the rule is a little harder to understand.

The rules that apply to the fans are as loosely enforced as any of the others. How many riots, near riots and demonstrations of rubbish throwing have there been in the NHL in the last nine years? Lord knows, I've lost count. Partisan fans are an important and colorful part of hockey. But here and there in every rink there are pockets of toughs who are using partisanship as a screen for hoodlumism. In some rinks the pocket is small and seldom heard from. When the members get rough they get thrown out on their ears, which is where they belong, and the genuine fans watch hockey, which is what they came for. In other rinks the pocket is bigger, and in Chicago it sometimes takes charge of the entire building. I once asked a Chicago official when they were going to start cleaning out the thugs around the place.

"We've got enough trouble getting people in here," he told me. "We aren't about to start throwing them *out*." Sooner or later they'll find out in Chicago that they *are* throwing people out—the interested hockey fans who are losing interest in going out to spend the evening in the middle of a mob of hoodlums.

Headlong action, uninhibited referee-baiting, the occasional outbreak of violence—all these are part of hockey and hockey wouldn't be the same without them. Nobody knows this better than I do and nobody learned it in a harder school. In the spring of 1943, when I refereed my first minor-league hockey game in Montreal, I was a twenty-five-year-old ex-athlete recovering from a knee injury that left my leg too fragile for the battering of active sport. There were some high moments behind me, like the memorable Grey Cup football game in 1938 when I scored three touchdowns in the last quarter, and a Quebec Senior lacrosse game in 1942 when I set a Quebec record that still stands by scoring twelve goals in sixty minutes.

Now I was looking for a way to stay in sport, and refereeing seemed to be it. By 1945 I was refereeing minor-league hockey and football and senior lacrosse in Montreal and across Quebec. To stay in one piece I had to learn fast. It wasn't long, for one thing, before I found out what a real hockey riot looks like. At that time the Quebec Senior Hockey League fans took their home games slightly less seriously than guerrilla warfare. One night Ken Mullins and I (the QSHL used the two-referee system; the NHL, of course, uses only one referee) went into Quebec City where the Aces were playing the Sherbrooke team with the league lead at stake. With four seconds left to play I disallowed a goal that would have broken a tie in Quebec's favor, and the roof fell in. The fans swarmed out of the stands like apes in a Tarzan movie, the players of both teams lined up with their sticks thrust out like bayonets to hold them off until the police arrived, and Mullins and I stood there throwing the odd punch.

Close to an hour later the bedlam was curbed long enough to run out the final four seconds of play, but we heard the rumble start all over again when we were stripped and showering. Jesse Owens never took off as fast as the reporters who were in the dressing room questioning us. We had time to lock the door and pick up a couple of chairs. We were standing back to back, like a pair of stark naked lion tamers waiting for the act to begin, when at the same time the entire wall caved in and the police arrived. They got us out of there with billy clubs swinging, bundled us into squad cars and hustled us to the police station with all sirens full on. We played cribbage behind bars until the train left for Montreal.

That was when Mullins and I decided there is only one way to cool off a riot-happy mob. The same two teams were playing in the same rink the following Sunday, and although we weren't scheduled to work the game we made a special request to be switched into Quebec. The late George Slater, who was then president of the league and the kind of man hockey sorely needs today, okayed the request. That night it was hard to tell who was more fired up, the fans or the players. Near the end of the third period a Quebec player tried to shoot the puck up the ice out of his goal zone. That one had my name on it. I vaulted up on the boards to avoid the puck, but it hit my skate blade and bounced in front of the goal. A Sherbrooke player snapped it in. All hell broke loose.

A few people were hurt and that night we sorrowfully passed up the shower room. We ploughed straight to the squad car in our striped shirts with every cop in town, as nearly as I could count, clearing a path for us. The next day Slater, the league president, received a wire in Montreal: "Please do not send Mullins and Storey to Quebec again this season. We do not have enough policemen to guarantee their safety." It was signed by the mayor of Quebec City.

At the end of the season the same two

continued on page 60

For the first season in years Storey has time for his family (left to right) Bobby, Doug and his wife, Helen

Here's new gem-bright beauty, room to sprawl in and sit tall in. New lean-muscled engine econom new spirit and silence in the going. For fineness of features, for precise craftsmanship — for all the thing that make a car good to own — the '60 Chevrolet stands alone in its price field.

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1960 CHEVROLET REFERENCE BOOKLET

clubs played off to decide the league championship. Maybe because we had shown them we stood behind our decisions they requested Mollins and Storey to referee the series.

With incidents like this to punctuate the passage of time the years when I served my apprenticeship as a referee were lively enough. There were games when I'd make a round trip of seven hundred miles, risk my neck and pick up a couple of new specimens for my collection of choice insults and get back home less than ten dollars richer than when I left. By this time I was married and the first of our two sons was already a member of the family.

My wife Helen, who was studying classical piano at the Quebec Conservatory when we met, was understandably unenthusiastic about some of the strains of being a referee's wife. In 1950 when I was appointed an NHL referee in addition to the chief referee's job I'd held in the Big Four football league since 1947 our precarious finances improved overnight. If anything, the other departments of our domestic life became more haphazard than ever.

For the next nine years I was at home in Montreal no more than four nights a month during the seven-month hockey season. By the end of each season I'd worked at least eighty hockey games, traveled about fifty thousand miles and listened to what seemed like a million uncomplimentary observations on my manners, morals and eyesight.

After a while, though, I got so used to the fans hooting that most of it meant no more to me than a friend saying hello. Sometimes I even enjoyed it. There was the game at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto during my second season in the NHL when Col. W. A. H. MacBrien, one of the directors of the Toronto club and the peppiest partisan in the house, was sharing his box seat with Lord Alexander, during the British soldier's term as governor general of Canada. MacBrien's box was just above the penalty scorer's table and every time I skated over to report a Toronto penalty the colonel would cut loose on me. After one penalty that came toward the end of the second period he stormed down out of his box and without saying a word handed me a copy of the NHL rule book.

When the period ended I walked up the ramp past his box. At Alexander's elbow I leaned across to MacBrien and said, "Look, you old buzz saw, when you're sitting next to a gentleman try to act like one." At least one of the old soldiers in the box smiled.

For the next six years MacBrien and I sniped at each other every time I was in Toronto. It was a satisfying feud and a pleasure to take part in. Then one night MacBrien came into the referee's dressing room just before game time and told me he was retiring as a director of the Maple Leafs. "Red, it's been a good feud," he said. "I'm sorry it's over, but it's time to bury the hatchet."

We shook hands with a regretful word or two for the good old days and I went out to start the game. The first penalty I called sent a Toronto player off the ice. High and clear from the box seats came a bellow that could only belong to MacBrien: "Storey, you're a bum!"

The feuding the fans love to see shape up, though, is between the players and the referee. Now and then this kind of feud is genuine enough — hockey is an all-out game and in the heat of the action no good player can keep his temper in check constantly. But more often what looks from the stands like fury is closer to fun. A memorable example of the kind of exchange that takes place in almost every game followed a penalty I called one night in the Montreal Forum against Rocket Richard. For years the Montreal fans have taken any penalty against their favorite star as a direct insult. This time they threw everything movable in the rink at me, including a five-pound bag of split peas that splattered on the ice and rolled around as messily as the fellow who threw them hoped they would. As the riot mounted the Montreal captain at that time, Butch Bouchard, skated at me with his stick waving wildly.

"Butch," I shouted, ready to send the whole Montreal team to the showers, "I don't want to hear one word. Not one word. Rocket earned the penalty."

Bouchard's stick waved even more frantically and the fans screamed approval. "Quite so. Quite so," Bouchard agreed with facial contortions that suggested he was damning me down to the seventh generation. "I just wanted to tell you, Red, to work on the guy who threw the peas. If you can get him mad enough to throw out some bacon as well I'll make us some of the best French-Canadian pea soup you ever tasted."

There's a wrinkled old saying about the referee's calling: nobody likes a referee but the pay's good and the hours can't be beat. No? During a hockey game the referee skates longer and harder than anybody on the ice. He's out there for the full sixty minutes and he has to cover both ends of the rink and the middle as well. After the game he rushes for a train, spends two hours trying to relax enough to go to sleep and makes it if he's lucky by three in the morning. At six thirty a porter is shaking him awake for the next stop.

For a football referee things are a little different. There are five officials on the field instead of one, and each of the five covers his own area of the play. When a penalty is called most of the fans don't know what it's all about until the public-address system carries the announcement a minute later. They ride the referee, of course — any sport fan buys the right to ride the referee when he picks up his ticket — but they're so far away you can rarely make out what they're saying.

Hockey fans are close enough to make themselves heard all right and they know what the penalties are all about. Or they think they do. In the first game I ever refereed I found out that after ten years of playing hockey I still didn't know the rules. After nine years of refereeing in the NHL I can tell you that most major league players don't know the rules either. But the fans think they know them and that's enough to break up many a hockey game.

In 1958 I left the Big Four and football, where I had always been a part-season referee because the end of the schedule cut into the beginning of the NHL schedule, to concentrate on hockey. Then, on that night last April, I walked away from this life I've been describing altogether. Most people would probably call it a crazy life anyway: trains and hotels where I couldn't associate with my traveling companions because of the unwritten rule against fraternization between players and referees; months on end when I didn't see my family as often as the man who comes to read the gas meter; hostility and jeers in my ears when I was lucky enough not to have a mob on my heels.

That was the life I chose and the life I'd choose again.

Now there is only one more call I want to make in hockey. It concerns the April game that led up to my resignation and the game's aftermath. In this ex-referee's judgment that game was a danger signal. The curb for lawless hockey and hooligan fans is not public denunciation of NHL referees by the league's own officers. The need is strong authority—strong enough to preserve the respect the game lives on.

For what my experience in sport is worth it convinces me that the NHL will only respond to this kind of authority if it's put in the hands of a commissioner who has last-word power over every decision that affects hockey as a sport. The league governors are businessmen who run hockey on a cash-on-the-barrelhead trade. Sport needs something more, as baseball long ago proved and as football is proving now. A strong commissioner — a czar if you like — is what hockey needs as a business and as a game.

Last spring, after my resignation from hockey, the NHL governors let it be known that I would be reinstated if I applied to them. The Big Four invited me to put my whistle to work again in football; the American Hockey League and the Western league both asked me to join them as referee-in-chief.

Phone calls, telegrams and letters from all over the east found me in Montreal. They came from friends I've known for years and friends I didn't know I had. They ranged from a wire sent by Conn Smythe, the owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs, before word of my resignation was published: "You have done as much for hockey as any one man. You can do more. Please stay with the game," to a letter to a Montreal columnist from a fan in New York. It read: "I've been booing Red Storey for so many years I now consider him a personal friend. Please tell him to come back so I can boo him some more."

I think I've made it clear why I had only one choice: to walk away with my head up. It was too late for me to learn how to stay in sport with my back bent. But thank you, my booster friend in New York, for making it easier to say goodbye. ★

We asked . . .

"Is it true that today's packaged foods—cake, cookies, and pastry mixes—have taken the taste adventure from dining out in friends' homes?"

They answered . . .

Kate Aitken, *author and former radio commentator, Toronto.* "All good cooks recognize the value of the ready mixes. However, this easy way to providing a dessert has not done away with the handmade product. More cakes, cookies and pies (homemade) are being made today than ever before. Consequently we have a choice of the quick and easy way and on the other hand the joy of creation."

Hans Freud, *restaurant owner, Toronto.* "Mrs. Freud would shudder at the thought of offering her guests anything but her own baking, except in cases where her own kitchen facilities are inadequate because of the number of guests she intends to entertain. Then and only then would she resort to buying from the best possible source. But the ordinary garden variety of baking is out, regardless of the label on the package of the mix."

Lenore Clare, *cooking columnist, Toronto.* "I don't think so. Packaged foods are not only delicious in themselves, but they can provide the imaginative cook with the basic ingredients, all ready and well prepared, for a dish which will carry her own signature of flavor."

A five-dollar bill goes to Mrs. S. Snider, 148 Charles Street, Belleville, Ont., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like expert opinion? Send your question along with names of three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.

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The Jew in Canada

Continued from page 22

to golf or curl he often has to join a Jewish club for that purpose. A recent decision of the Exchequer Court of Canada allowing club dues as legitimate income-tax deductions points up the fact that much modern business is done in social milieus. The Canadian Jew can not enter some Christian milieus and is willy-nilly confined to his fellows. By tacit agreement he also seems to be excluded from the top echelons of certain big business (banking, insurance, transportation, for instance). Partly through circumstances beyond his control, partly through his own desire to retain racial and religious identity, the Jew in Canada has become highly individualistic, makes his close friends among Jews and prefers to work for himself.

Discrimination takes a variety of forms, nebulous or tangible. The pressures to assimilate are strong enough on Canadian Jews today to make some of them give up the struggle, change their names and become Christian in every thing but blood. That a few renounce Judaism and the great majority would die for it is part of the tragedy and triumph of the Jewish people.

Despite their social segregation more Jews in Canada are marrying Christians than ever before. The rate of intermarriage has tripled since 1926 and reached an all-time high of 14.9 percent of all Jewish unions in 1955, the last year for which figures are available. Jew-Gentile marriages are still on the increase. Add to this a lower Jewish birthrate than that of other Canadians (2.04 children compared to 2.63), a drastic drop in Jewish immigration — six million Jews died under Hitler, three and a half million more are behind the Iron Curtain — and it seems probable our Jewish population has now reached a peak and will decline in the future.

The 1.5 percent of Canadians who are Jews are prominent in the clothing industry, furs, food, pharmacies, optometry, cigar making, theatres, housing, real estate, almost every branch of our wholesale and retail trade. Many of them started as small proprietors with little capital. Jews operate Canadian retail chains like Reitman's, Enman's, the Sally Shops (lingerie and hosiery), Tip Top Tailors, People's Credit Jewellers, Handy Andy (automotive and tool). A. J. Freiman's is Ottawa's biggest department store. The Steinbergs of Montreal helped popularize modern supermarkets in Canada, the Bennetts of Toronto shopping plazas. The Bronfmans control Canada's largest liquor empire (Distillers Corporation, with last year's sales just under a billion) and invest heavily in real estate and oil (Calgary's Royalite) and administer a family fortune of several millions. The Hermants built Imperial Optical into the biggest Canadian company of its kind. The Koerners developed the B.C. plywood industry and helped make it international. Jack Diamond founded the B.C. Livestock Association and was Vancouver's 1955 Citizen of the Year. Fred Mendel from Hungary owns large Canadian meat packing interests with branches in Australia and the Argentine. An art collector, he embellishes his factory dining room in Saskatoon with fine paintings. Canadians of the Jewish faith develop our natural resources. Mining engineer Julius Cohen of Montreal played a leading role in the discovery of Ungava iron ore. Veteran fur buyer Jack Levy of Sudbury spent twenty-six years in the bush, speaks fluent Ojibway and is one of the biggest buyers of raw pelts in Northern Ontario and Quebec.

In politics Nathan Phillips is Mayor of Toronto, Michael Baig of Moncton, Harry Veiner of Medicine Hat. At the federal level Leon Crestohl is M.P. for Montreal-Cartier. David Croll (former M.P. for Toronto Spadina) is a senator.

In our military life Air-Commodore I. C. Cornblat is among the RCAF top brass. David Golden is Deputy Minister of Defense Production. In athletics Jews have produced Canadian Olympic winners (Moe Herscovitch, Fanny Rosenfeld) and national championship teams (Montreal's YMHA Basketball Senior Champions in 1956 with 29 victories, no defeats). Sydney Halter, a Jewish lawyer in Winnipeg, is czar of Canadian football. Samuel Berger is a leading light in Ottawa's football and was last year's president of the Rough Riders. Hyman Herschorn, Montreal notary, fosters Canadian swimming at the Olympics and is a director of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games.

In Canada 8.6 percent of Jews engage in the professions (compared to 4.2 percent of our total population) and practise as doctors, surgeons, specialists, dentists, notaries, advocates, barristers and Queen's Counsels. Dr. Reva Gerstein of Toronto is a prominent Canadian psychologist, Dr. Harold Segall of Montreal an outstanding cardiologist, Dr. Alton Goldbloom of Montreal a well-known pediatrician. His national best seller "Small Patients" comments frankly on anti-Semitism in some Canadian hospital appointments and procedures). Dr. J. Gordon Kaplan of Dalhousie University is a physiologist and well-known writer on radiation hazards. Dr. Sydney Friedman is a professor and chairman of the department of anatomy at the University of British Columbia. Maxwell Cohen teaches law at McGill, Bora Laskin at the University of Toronto. Jewish judges sit on the bench in Canada's major cities. H. Carl Goldenberg of Montreal was a protégé of Mackenzie King and has won international fame as Canadian labor mediator. Jacob Finkelman is chairman of the Province of Ontario's Labor Relations Board.

Jews stand out in our national arts and culture. John Hirsch is the centre of Winnipeg's flourishing Little Theatre. Oscar Morawetz of Toronto is one of our most promising composers. Louis Applebaum is a Stratford musical director and consultant to the National Film Board. Melissa Hayden is one of this continent's leading ballerinas. Ghitta Caiserman, Moe Reinblatt, the Raxes (husband and wife) of Toronto, Eric Goldberg and Louis Muhlstock are prominent contemporary artists. Anna Kahane is a noted Canadian sculptress. The Zacks of Toronto have gathered Canada's finest collection of modern French art. The Bronfmans foster Canadian painting with their Seagram collection, Canadian theatre with their Calvert Drama Festival Awards. Dr. Sigmund Samuel of Toronto gave the Canadiana gallery—mostly paintings and early prints to the Royal Ontario Museum.

Canadians are the richer for Jewish novelists like Henry Kreisel and Mordecai Richler, Jewish poets like Miriam Waddington and Irving Layton. Adele Wiseman and the late Lionel Shapiro won the Governor General's Award, poet Abraham M. Klein the Lorne Pierce Medal for his distinguished contributions to national literature.

Jewish achievement isn't new

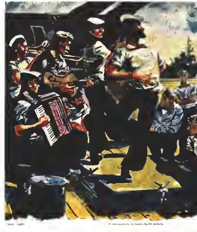
Jews are prominent in Canada's entertainment. Jewish playwrights like Mac Shoub and M. Charles Cohen, producers like Leo Orenstein, Stan Harris, Harvey Hart, Rupert Caplan, Clifford Solway blaze new trails in radio and TV. Sydney Newman was formerly a CBC top TV drama producer and is now in British TV. Eva Langbord heads casting. Percy Saltzman enlivens our weather broadcasts. Wayne and Shuster are our funniest comedians. Actors Lorne Greene and William Shatner carry Canada to Broadway and Hollywood. Lloyd Bochner, Toby Robins, Paul Kligman, Bert Pearl and Sammy Sales need no introduction to Canadian TV viewers or theatre goers.

If this roster is impressive, Jewish accomplishment in Canada isn't anything new. Since Aaron Hart, Canada's first Jewish citizen, came as commissary officer with Wolfe's army in 1759 and ended up one of the wealthiest landowners in North America, Jewish Canadians have by their own efforts risen like cream to the top. Prior to the English conquest, this country presented attractions to a people with trade in their veins. William of Orange ceded Labrador to a Jewish merchant in Rotterdam who never cashed in. In 1928 his direct descendant created a sensation when he presented the original document to London's Privy Council. After a long legal battle he finally lost out to Quebec and Newfoundland. Jews in Bordeaux traded with Quebec colonists under the French regime. As early as 1750 Jewish merchants from England had opened shops in the garrison town of Halifax. When British troops were moved to the American colonies these merchants followed. What made Aaron Hart different was that he was the first Jew to *stay*.

London born and a lieutenant with the 60th Royal American Regiment under General Wolfe, Hart established himself in the fur trade at Three Rivers in 1760 and was awarded the seigneuries of Bécancour and Ste. Marguerite, the fief Marquisat-Dusable. Landed wealth brought loneliness to this bachelor. Marriage presented a dilemma to a Jew among Gentiles. Aaron Hart solved it by a trip to his native London whence he returned with his cousin, Dorothea Judah, for wife. Their eleven children were raised in the strict precepts of Judaism as shown by his letter to a son away from home and unable to return for Passover.

"I hope you will not risk in any danger if you find that you cannot be here Pesah (Passover). You will according to my instructions go to New York and keep Pesah. . . . You will say as little as possible about your business to any of the Jews in New York, none to your Uncles too. You must remain Pesah in a Jews home."

Other Jews settled in Canada shortly after the conquest. Miranda, de Cordova, Gomez, David, Moresco, Franks, Solomons, Judah, Joseph, Gomez, Levy, de Fonseca were early Jewish residents in Montreal. Andrew Hays, Jacob de Maurera, Elias Seixas, Joseph Bindona in Quebec City. A second generation prospered, witness the sons of Aaron Hart. Benjamin served as Montreal magistrate and Colonel in the War of 1812. Moses (who was to keep Passover and



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till his "Unkin" nothing) operated a steamship line and a bank for which he issued his own banknotes. But it was Ezekiel Hart who sparked Jewish history by being twice elected to the Lower Canadian Legislature as member for Three Rivers and being twice ejected because he could not take his "Oath as a Christian." There began the long fight which ended in 1832 with the passage of the law that became the Magna Charta of Canadian Jews. By it they were entitled to the full rights and privileges of other subjects of His Majesty and capable of taking, having or enjoying any office or place of trust within this Province." Similar legislation was not passed in Great Britain until 1858.

In 1831 one hundred and seven Jews lived in Canada. The first Canadian synagogue, built by Montreal's Shearith Israel Congregation in 1777, was the only one for seventy years. Today there are two hundred synagogues across Canada—one hundred and seventy Orthodox, twenty-five Conservative, five Reform—with more in the process of construction.

In the eighties Russia launched a series of pogroms—persecutions of Jews—and this country felt the first impact of Jewish immigration. Newcomers established Jewish farming communities at Wapella, Hirsch and Lipton and homesteaded Oxbow and Edenbridge, all in Saskatchewan. (Today only 0.5 percent of Canadian Jews engage in agriculture compared to 16 percent of Canadians of all origins.) By the turn of the century 16,000 Jews were established in Canada.

Pogroms, persecution and war sent the number of Jews in Canada skyrocketing. Almost 18,000 were admitted from Europe in the first decade of this century, 74,000 in the next. The figures then dropped until 1945-54 when Jews formed one percent (40,672) of our total postwar immigration.

In World War I 2,584 Jews served Canada; 16,883, or ten percent of their total, served in World War II.

Jews are buried in our military cemeteries from Dieppe to Hong Kong. One of the most tragic casualties was Dr. Louis Slotin, Winnipeg born and educated nuclear physicist and key man in the Manhattan Project. When deadly radiation was accidentally released in a demonstration at Los Alamos laboratories, Slotin threw himself as a shield in front of seven colleagues and tore the mass apart with his hands. A scientist to the end, he dictated his store of nuclear knowledge to a secretary as long as he could and died on May 30, 1946, nine days after the accident.

With so much in common in our past and present, what makes the Jew different from other Canadians? What sets him apart from the Gentile next door? On the surface very little. Underneath, the deep living faith of his Judaism. Jewish gradations in religious observance range from non-practising but still Jewish citizens to those strictly orthodox and of the old school. All male Jews are circumcized the eighth day after birth. Most male Jews make their *bar-mitzvah* in their thirteenth year and formally enter a congregation. The orthodox Jew marries under the canopy (*chuppah*) and culminates the ceremony by breaking a glass underfoot to commemorate the destruction of Solomon's Temple. Jews are buried according to custom within twenty-four hours of death. If mourners choose to hold *shiva* they observe a seven-day period of strictest austerity during which Jews traditionally pray morning and night, sit on benches or sawed-down chairs, cover the household mirrors, wear slippers instead of shoes, slit their clothes at the neck to indicate rending and if men, forswear shaving.

Many Jewish homes are distinguished by a *mezuzah*, a small metal or wooden box containing the prayer which begins "Hear O Israel," placed near the front door. Jewish housewives light and bless candles at sundown Friday to welcome the Sabbath. Although most Canadian Jews are Orthodox this does not mean that a majority keep orthodox households. Those who do practise *kashruth*, the laws concerning kosher food. They eat only meat killed by a *shochet* (ritual slaughterer) and keep flesh and dairy products separate in their refrigerators and kitchens. The two do not appear together at table and are served on separate sets of dishes. Six hours must elapse before dairy produce can be eaten after meat.

At prayer the old-school Jew wears a skullcap and prayer shawl, the phylacteries bound to his head and left arm. Most modern Jews do not. High Holy Days and festivals are Purim, Passover, Shavuos, Rosh Hashana, Yom Kippur, Succos and Chanukah and fall by the Hebrew calendar. Authorities complain of sparse attendance in synagogues during the year and crowds on High Holy days.

The Jewish faith is based on the Torah or Law of Moses as set forth in the first five books of the Old Testament. There is no Jewish hierarchy. Theoretically any male Jew over thirteen can conduct a service or burial. Ordained rabbis do so because they are better qualified to interpret the Law and are acquainted with formal procedure. Any ten male Jews over thirteen years of age can form a *Minyan*, the required quorum, and establish a congregation. In Orthodox synagogues women sit in a special raised section apart from the men.

The Jewish religion stresses life in this world rather than in the next. The reward of virtue is the good life itself. A Jewish ascetic is a rarity. Charity is not optional but an absolute requirement of faith and *Tzedokah*, the inalienable right of a Jew in need to help from his fellows, is a cardinal precept of Judaism. From this have sprung the innumerable Gemilath Hasodim or Hebrew Free Loan Associations scattered across Canada. Jews of means contribute but do not inquire where the money goes. Any Jew who needs financial aid "for any worthy purpose" may borrow without interest for a definite period or a term set by the small committee which tactfully hears his application in private. Loans rarely exceed $500. Costs of administration are practically nil. Less than half of one percent of money loaned is not repaid in full.

Another unique Jewish institution is Mishpat Hasholom (Judgment of Peace). Rather than air a legitimate grievance against another Jew in the law courts a Jew can ask that the offender be summoned before a private tribunal consisting usually of a rabbi, a businessman and a lawyer. If a defendant ignores such a summons his conduct is labeled "contemptuous behavior" by his fellows. Once before the tribunal he and the plaintiff bind themselves in writing to accept its authority and final decision. When the grievance is thrashed out and judgment rendered, to carry the matter farther is practically unheard of.

If institutions like these reflect a desire for a united front among Canadian Jews, so does their generosity to Jewish causes. In the past sixty years Jews in Canada sent $85,000,000 to Israel, some of it in the form of Canadian wheat, lumber, clothing and medical supplies. In the past ten they raised $86,000,000 for Jewish needs at home which included welfare and social services, immigrant aid, community centres, hospitals and synagogues. In 1958 alone Canada's quarter of a million Jews contributed $2,750,000 to Israel and $5,500,000 to over-all Jewish Canadian welfare exclusive of building projects.

To correlate local and national effort the Canadian Jewish Congress was formed in 1919. Today it not only administers welfare funds but acts as spokesman, champion and prime mover in Canadian Jewry. CJC maintains headquarters in Montreal and operates a network of committees and agencies across Canada. Some idea of its scope can be gleaned from the fact that it sponsors Jewish art, culture, education, trade unionism, represents Canadian Jews at Ottawa, the United Nations and German War Claims courts, attacks discrimination on every front and is largely responsible for present Fair Employment Practices Acts in six provinces.

Jews differ from other Canadians in their customs, traditions and religious observance. So do Catholics and Protestants, citizens of English, French, Irish, Scandinavian and a score of other stocks.

There is of course no such thing as a typical Jew any more than there is a typical Canadian. In general our Jewish fellow-citizens are distinguished by keenness of intellect, love of learning, a good sense of humor and few illusions. They are usually energetic, industrious and creative and place a high value on human freedom. They are Canadian in their hopes, aspirations, love of family, daily life. They are Jewish in that they are a part of the Jewish nation and world Jewry. A cold wind blowing on a Jew halfway around the globe is a chill breeze on the Jew in Canada. If there is anti-Semitism in this country Jews will also admit to neo-Ghettoism. This is a heritage from their past, evincing itself in exclusiveness and inborn distrust of the stranger.

In the past fifty years Canadian Judaism has undergone tremendous transition. Orthodoxy has slackened. The bearded Jew has almost disappeared. Women no longer wear wigs and sit behind screens in synagogues. A greater part of the ritual is conducted in English. Rabbinic sermons devoted to Jewry have vanished in the wake of progress and Jews are suburbanites like the rest of us. While more Jews in Canada are marrying Christians and the Jewish birth rate is declining, Jewish education is on the increase. In 1958 24,000 Jewish children received special instruction in Hebrew, Yiddish and religion after their daily attendance at public schools. Private Jewish parochial schools have sprung into being. A new Judaism is emerging, indigenous to Canada and characterized by healthy self-criticism, bold experiment and vigorous activity.

Despite the blandishments of assimilation and a probable decrease in their population, no one can doubt Canadian Jews will stay Jewish. Judaism is in their blood. By the beat of their hearts, by their success with their brethren and by their own deliberate choice, they will preserve one of the world's oldest religions and continue as Jews to make their rich and unique contribution to our national life. ★

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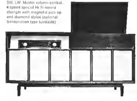

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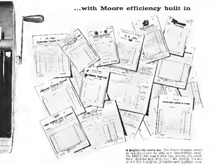

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The happy havens of Sister Mechtilde

continued from page 20

"Some say we encourage these girls to do the same thing again"

she has disturbed the eyebrow-cocked hush that usually muffles the subject of illegitimacy. The spectacle of a nun airing bold ideas ("These girls lack one thing — love") about a "delicate" subject has enlightened some people, according to the heavy mail she has been receiving in the year or so since the first of her public appearances, and dismayed others.

"If you write about my work, you must be prepared to hear from many people who will complain that we are pampering these girls and encouraging them to do the same thing again," Sister Mechtilde told a reporter recently.

To the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Mariette, one of these allegedly pampered girls, is a cipher in a troublesome index. The child Mariette will bear, like the children of about eighteen thousand other unmarried Canadian women and girls, will eventually be reported in the Bureau's 1959 census of illegitimate births. This census, as the Bureau's own experts are careful to explain, is incomplete. The statisticians can only guess at the number of unreported illegitimate births.

To the putative father of her child, a married businessman of forty-eight with two legitimate children older than Mariette herself, the thirteen-year-old expectant mother is an acute embarrassment and a potential threat. The father's concern is less obvious but more particular than Mariette's: contributing to the delinquency of a minor is a crime.

To her own father and to her mother, as both have made clear, Mariette is a fallen woman-child who has injured herself and disgraced her family.

To her society, Mariette is a many-sided anomaly: outcast, pitiable unfortunate, moral lawbreaker, social problem. By and large, society judges Mariette, finds her guilty and adds a recommendation for leniency. Then it makes good the recommendation by supporting certain agencies that will provide her and her infant with food, shelter and medical services — the Salvation Army hospitals and hostels, a few privately endowed maternity homes, some maternity hospitals.

This child, Mariette, is not typical of the many thousands of unmarried Canadian women who become pregnant in the course of a year, nor is she typical of the seventeen hundred who seek out the Misericordia Sisters in Montreal for help. Nothing much is known of the largest number, but of these last, in a not unusual year, twenty-five percent are under nineteen, about thirty percent are between nineteen and twenty-one, fewer than fifteen percent are over twenty-seven. Almost thirty percent are returning to the Misericordia Sisters for their second, third or even fourth pregnancy. Six out of ten are factory or laundry workers, waitresses or domestic workers of one kind and another. The rest, except for unemployed girls and students living at home — more than one out of ten — represent in small groups most of the usual feminine professions, including secretaries and teachers, nurses and professors. Most of such things as these disparate women have in common, Mariette shares, from the moment when she came, alone, to 7390 Boulevard St. Michel, the sombre brick building that houses the Misericordia social service bureau in the north end of Montreal. Mariette's story is in many respects the story of all the women who come to the same door.

Mariette was passed on to the social service bureau by the doctor who confirmed her pregnancy. Other girls are sent by their priests, their parents, family friends; some find the bureau themselves or know the way from previous visits. When they arrive, each of them, like Mariette, is interviewed by one of the four university-trained social workers. None of the case workers is a nun; only a few of the nurses, mental and physical therapists, group-dynamics specialists and other technicians who work full or part time in Sister Mechtilde's four villas are nuns. The black habit of the Misericordia order is present but unobtrusive, as are the habits of worship and religion.

In Mariette's case, the social worker who interviewed her decided that the girl should join the thirty-five or forty other pregnant youngsters at the first of the four Montreal villas. This hostel, the Rosalie Jetté Center on the northern shoreline of Montreal Island, is in some ways the centrepiece of Sister Mechtilde's experiment. It is open only to girls between twelve and eighteen whose intelligence and attitude both give some hope that they can be helped to rebuild their self-respect and their initiative. If Mariette had been mentally retarded, or if her nature had appeared so incorrigibly cynical that she would interfere with the rehabilitation of the other youngsters, the social worker would have sent her to one of two hostels for adult women.

At the largest of these, the main section of the Boulevard St. Michel building that also accommodates the social service bureau, there are usually four groups of about fifteen women each and a fifth group of about twenty. At the second hostel for adults, a wing of the Misericordia general hospital on downtown Dorchester Street, there are between twenty and forty women, depending on how crowded the other hostels are.

The fourth Misericordia villa in Montreal, a well-preserved manor house surrounded by a walled garden in the river-bank suburb of Ste. Dorothée, is the only one with a paying-guest list. Between eight and ten girls pay four dollars a day to share a double room or ten dollars a day for a private room. The guests fall broadly into two groups: girls with comparatively rich fathers who would otherwise send their daughters to Mexico or Europe to avoid scandal, or bachelor professional and businesswomen, most often in their late twenties or early thirties and well able to pay their own way.

At Ste. Dorothée this small group of select guests lives in carefully preserved privacy and well-appointed comfort. The only one they ever see is an occasional visitor. Their physical and mental hygiene are in the care of two *psychopédagogie* graduates from the University of Paris, one a native of Nice and the other of Nancy. Both were imported to the Ste. Dorothée villa to avoid the off chance of confronting a guest with a specialist trained in Montreal who might recognize either the expectant mother or her family. Sister Sainte-Mechtilde could but doesn't describe the manor house as a country club for unmarried mothers.

Mariette was too young for the manor house even if her parents or the father of her child had been willing to pay her way. And as it happens, Mariette's pregnancy was too far advanced for the social worker's remaining choice. Girls who approach the social service bureau early in pregnancy, if they are well balanced and adjustable, are sometimes sent to live until late in their terms with one of the private families that are in touch with the bureau. Some of these girls pay for their room and board; others do domestic work to earn it; and a few are accepted out of sheer kindness.

Some youngsters literally don't know why they're pregnant; the nuns always face realities and manage to be kind

Almost all of them come to live in one of the four villas during the final weeks of pregnancy. As for Mariette, she was already in the seventh month of her term when she first came to the social service bureau. For the first few months she had been bewildered and frightened by her symptoms without knowing what they meant. Later, when the signs became unmistakable, she camouflaged them from her parents in terror. When the deceit became insupportable she fled to the Misericordia social service bureau, and from the bureau she went to Sister Sainte-Mechtilde at the Rosalie Jetté Centre.

Sister Mechtilde and Mariette met in the nun's study a few minutes after the girl arrived. Almost the first words they exchanged were the ones recorded earlier, in which Mariette, like every new arrival to each of the four villas, chose a pseudonym to avoid exposing her real name even to her sister *filles-mères*. During the next quarter hour the nun told the girl something of how her life would be ordered at the villa, and so they talked; they walked around the buildings and the flowered grove in which they stand.

The Rosalie Jetté Centre is two similar buildings connected by a low arcade. The main building, a century-old greystone mansion skirted on its four square sides by an open white gallery, is Sister Mechtilde's base for supervising the three villas in other parts of the city. It is also a hostel for about twenty *filles-mères* between twelve and sixteen. There are usually the same number of girls in the connecting building, a more recent

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red brick addition, but here the youngest is sixteen and the oldest eighteen. A stand of shade and fruit trees curtains the face of the centre; the rear looks out across the Rivière des Prairies, the north arm of the St. Lawrence where the river forks to form the island of Montreal.

To Mariette the prospect from outside may have seemed severe. Inside, the austerity of the fine old building has been leavened by Sister Mechtilde's unconventional enthusiasm for interior decoration in the suburban modern vein. Mariette looked into the high-ceilinged dormitory where she would keep house with half a dozen other girls; the teaching kitchen where once or twice a week she would spend a couple of hours learning something about food and cooking from a home economist; the salon where, on other days, she would be introduced to the witchery of skin care and make-up by a beauty specialist and dry the set in her hair under one of the bowl-shaped machines along the wall. She looked nervously at the glazing oven in the studio where she would be taught how to make ceramics, and she reached to touch one of the sewing machines in the workroom where she would learn to make smocks for herself and swaddling gowns for her child. She stood in the doorway of the small chapel where she would come, when and if she chose, to worship with the Jesuit priest who visits three times a week.

A moment later Mariette stood in the reception lounge, furnished with kidney-shaped chairs, where she would meet her parents again when and if they overcame their distress enough to visit her. Sister Mechtilde didn't tell Mariette what she cheerfully tells other visitors—that now and then a girl carries on her courtship with the father of her child in this same room, and sometimes a baby's birth is preceded by the proposal of his father to his mother on one of the magenta settees. But Sister Mechtilde did show Mariette the studio room where the *filles mères* throw their parties: masquerades for Hallowe'en, dances for birthdays, pantomimes for Christmas, and amateur talent hours whenever the mood strikes.

As the nun and the girl walked, Mariette heard of several other matters. During the weeks or months at the villa and often for a month or even two after the delivery of the child, the girls continue their association with the case worker who first interviewed them at the social service bureau. Further, each group of girls is in the general charge of a therapist in group dynamics, a fairly recent sociological specialty that deals with the relationships among a number of people living together. Once a week a registered nurse instructs them in prenatal relaxation exercises and elucidates the mechanics of pregnancy with the help of an illustrated manual called the Birth Atlas.

"At the beginning it's hard to tell some of them why they can't master deep-breathing exercises and chew bubble gum at the same time," the nurse, Rita Doyon, a superintendent in the Montreal public health department, has remarked. "I'm certain there are girls in my classes who don't know what caused their pregnancy in the first place. By the time they've been shown through the Birth Atlas twice, though, they're fascinated by their own condition and want to learn all there is to know."

An obstetrician from the Misericordia Hospital checks the girls periodically unless they have their own doctor and prefer to remain in his hands. They can choose their own hospital, too, and for unpredictable cases there is an emergency delivery room in the villa. But their infants are almost always delivered by staff doctors at the Misericordia Hospital and they are usually cared for afterward in the hospital's creche until they are adopted or taken away by their mothers.

The *filles mères* keep their children only in comparatively rare cases, but Sister Mechtilde and her specialists all believe strongly that in every case the choice should be the mother's. "We try to show them what the decision means to both of them, mother and child," Sister Mechtilde says. "Then we let them decide. As often as not they don't make up their minds until a month or even two after the birth. Usually they choose adoption, finally, for the child's sake."

What might be called the *filles mères'* full cycle, from entering one of the villas in early pregnancy to signing the adoption papers, often covers six months or more. During this time the only charge the mother is expected to pay—with the exception of the handful of paying guests at the Ste. Dorothée manor house—is a few dollars for auxiliary services in the delivery room, the anesthetist's fee and so on. Even this is sometimes overlooked. "We don't employ a collection agency," Sister Mechtilde shrugs.

Sister Mechtilde herself is by no means responsible for the development of all the Misericordia services in the *filles-mères* cycle. The Sisters of Misericordia were established as a religious community in 1848 at the instigation of Monseigneur Ignace Bourget, the second Bishop of Montreal. By 1948 the order had two hospitals in Montreal and others in Toronto, Haileybury, Ont., Winnipeg and Edmonton as well as a number of American cities, and had already organized its social service bureau in Montreal. The Montreal hostel for sheltering the *filles-mères* was, at that time, little more than a dormitory in the Dorchester Street hospital. Sister Mechtilde, so to speak, was hand-picked and groomed to organize the elaborate system of villas that has grown up since.

In 1943, two years after she entered the order, Sister Mechtilde and another nun were singled out by the Mother General of the order to become the first nuns enrolled in the University of Montreal's new faculty of social science. In a community of nuns Sister Mechtilde was probably easy to single out. At that time she was in her early twenties, a fresh-cheeked girl who had grown up, "the youngest and naughtiest of twelve kids," in the forest outside Sherbrooke, Que., where her father was a game and fisheries warden. Sister Mechtilde had both the taste and the ability to compete with her older brothers in swimming, diving, hunting and fishing: "I loved hunting, and I didn't always obey the game laws my father was trying to enforce," she admits impishly. As a schoolgirl she was prone to dusk-till-dawn dancing, which may have foreshadowed her later prowess in "the rock and rolling." When she decided to become a nun everyone who knew her was astonished. "I was the last one they expected to become a *religieuse* and I couldn't explain it to them. I still can't. There are no words to describe a call from God. When it comes it's a species of joy, and it can't be mistaken for anything else."

The call launched Sister Mechtilde on twelve years of study at the U of M, Sacred Heart University in New Brunswick and Fordham University in New York City, interspersed with field-study trips around the U.S. and Europe. In 1955 she was made Sister Superior of the Misericordia hostel in Montreal.

Within months Sister Mechtilde had recruited what she calls her Circle of Friends, about a dozen Montreal businessmen, many of them service-club executives, who advise her in worldly matters like plumbing and mortgages and help her find the money to pay for them. Then Sister Mechtilde descended on Quebec City "like an angry angel," in the words of Jacques Dupuis, an admiring member of her circle and president of the Richelieu men's service club in Montreal. She lobbied for government support for her charges. "I told them I wouldn't leave until they agreed to help," Sister Mechtilde recalls. She now receives a three-dollar-a-day allotment for every girl under her four roofs.

By the beginning of 1958 Sister Mechtilde was installed in the first of her new villas, the Rosalie Jetté Center for teenagers. The other villas followed in quick succession; as soon as the doors opened at one she began work on the next. Some time this fall the fifth, and in a way the most unusual, of Sister Mechtilde's Montreal hostels will begin receiving as many as a dozen girls who will live there for a few months *after* the delivery of their children. They'll live as normal a home life as possible, going out to work and coming home in the evenings. "The only staff will be a young couple and their child," Sister Mechtilde says hopefully. "My girls will learn how a family lives together in love by living in the middle of one."

In the rare intervals between refurbishing this house, sitting in on an international summer seminar in group dynamics at the U of M and supervising the routine at her existing villas, Sister Mechtilde has been polishing a paper on what she has come to believe is the main psychological cause of much adolescent illegitimate pregnancy. When she delivers the paper sometime this winter it will arch more eyebrows than anything she has already said publicly about illegitimacy. The pattern Sister Mechtilde has seen most repeatedly among her *filles-mères* is a craving for the love of a father who can also be respected. A girl who is starving emotionally from this form of malnutrition understandably looks elsewhere for a substitute and may find him in a married man close to her father's age. "Strikingly often," she says, "this childish search ends in pregnancy: unexpected, unwanted and shockingly disruptive to the girl's groping personality. This, in brief, is the history of Mariette, among many others."

In her educated attempt to heal this shock for at least some of her charges, Sister Mechtilde has married science to mercy. Although religion is present at the wedding, it is not the principal guest. When Sister Mechtilde took over the house that is now the Rosalie Jetté Center it had been for many years a [illegible] foundling home for illegitimate boys. The entrance was dominated by a forbidding cast-metal statue of Saint Joseph; the nun had the saint removed. "We are not trying to build institutions," she has said since. "We are trying to build *foyers*." *Foyer* is a French word that has no precise equivalent in English. Originally it meant hearth or fireplace; now it is used in the same sense as the word home, but *foyer* brings with it the warmth of a hearth and the kindled affection sometimes felt by a family gathered around its own fireside. ★

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The lowly bass

Continued from page 28

hurt them. But all summer, warm water or not, the pugnacious and ever-hungry smallmouth is on the prowl for dinner. During the hot vacation months when the amateur anglers are out in full force bass is the principal game fish they can catch.

And the smallmouth is a fortunate contradictory combination of teasing unpredictability and unbridled recklessness. He's fussy and cunning enough to make fishing interesting yet not so difficult that the novice gets discouraged and goes back to his golf clubs. At times he'll pass up a luscious gob of worms and then smash viciously at a plug that shouldn't fool any fish.

There are times when he'll attack anything that moves. Angler writer Greg Clark tells the one about one of those days when bass are striking at literally everything. Greg's party attached hooks to the following makeshift lures: a cob of corn, a wiener, a toothbrush, a set of false teeth, a war medal and the top of a sardine can. They caught bass on all except the wiener. "I guess," says Greg, "we should have got mustard on it."

Though small compared to the Atlantic salmon, steelhead and musky, the smallmouth, for its size, has more fight than any of them. The trout may offer more challenge and require more skill to entice onto a hook, but for all its fame the trout isn't as spectacular a scrapper. The smallmouth's fighting tactics are an unpolished, rough-and-tumble combination of the trout's swift underwater dash and the famous surface rolling leap of the musky and salmon. Frequently a hooked smallmouth will erupt to the surface like a miniature depth charge and jump three feet out of the water in that first explosive struggle for freedom.

It is not only a superb fighter but a hardy, prolific fellow, more numerous today than ever before. The smallmouth has become the mainstay of fishing in many regions where it never occurred originally. In fact, in many places it is too numerous and fisheries scientists are coming around to the view that the bass would be better off and the fishing better if more of them were caught. As a result some of the traditional restrictions on bass fishing once thought necessary to protect them are being abolished.

To understand the reasons for this about-face in fish management techniques we must take a closer look at the smallmouth's history and way of life.

The smallmouth and its cousin, the largemouth, are technically not true bass at all. The name properly belongs to a salt-water family of which the familiar Lake Erie white or silver bass is the only common inland representative. The smallmouth, largemouth and their smaller relative the rock bass are actually members of the sunfish family, although they have been called "bass" so long that the name is rightfully theirs except in a narrowly scientific sense.

The smallmouth is a deep-chested, spiny-finned, pug-nosed fish with none of the trout's streamlining and beauty. Its color varies in different waters but it is usually a bronze green, brightening almost to yellow on the belly, with darker vertical stripes or blotches on the sides. Only in dark, peat-stained water is he really black, and the name "green bass," sometimes given the largemouth, would be a better name for both of them.

The largemouth is definitely a different species and not, as some jokers claim, just a female smallmouth. The largemouth's mouth extends back beyond the eye; the smallmouth's doesn't. The largemouth has less contrasting pattern on its sides, lacking the dark vertical striping of the smallmouth. The largemouth thrives in warmer water and, since [illegible] eat for a longer period each year, the average largemouth is bigger than the smallmouth.

Despite its weight advantage, the largemouth is not the blistering, spectacular fighter that the smallmouth is. Both occur throughout eastern North America from the Gulf States to northern Ontario, with more largemouth in the south and more smallmouth in the north. In Ontario and Quebec the largemouth is a popular game fish in a few regions, but in most areas the smallmouth is more numerous and "bass fishing" in Canada usually means smallmouth fishing.

The smallmouth's original Canadian territory was much more restricted than it is today. It was confined to the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes drainage system of Ontario and Quebec and mostly in the south because much of the north was cold water restricted to speckled and lake trout. The cutting of forests, building of dams, agricultural drainage and the drying up of cold springs produced warmer water less suitable for trout and permitted the bass to move northward. This bass invasion was often assisted by man because bass were frequently transplanted into waters where trout appeared to be thinning out. Algonquin Park and Lake of the Woods, for example, are regions in Ontario that had few or no bass originally but have good bass fishing today as a result of plantings made fifty or sixty years ago.

As its fame spread, the bass was transplanted more and more widely, first to other provinces and then throughout the world. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, none of which had black bass originally, now have enough to declare bass fishing seasons.

But Canada's best bass fishing is still in Ontario and Quebec where the fish occurred naturally before man began scattering them all over the map. The best spots are Lake St. Clair, Lake Erie's Long Point and Rondeau Bays, Lake Simcoe, the Kawartha and Rideau Lakes and the Thousand Islands region of the St. Lawrence. It is hoped that all the new shallow bays created by the St. Lawrence seaway will add another important chain of bass water. Northern waters—Georgian Bay, Algonquin Park, Lake Nipissing and lakes farther west to Lake of the Woods — have fluctuating bass fishing, very good some years and poor in others. These waters are cooler; a cold summer wipes out most of a year's reproduction.

There is perhaps no more eloquent proof of the black bass' popularity than the trouble and expense that foreign fishery officials have gone to in obtaining breeding stock for their own waters. One of the earliest foreign transplantings was a shipment of 175 fingerlings which were nursed through a thirty-day Pacific crossing and released in the Philippines to establish a bass fishery in 1907. This fighting bronzeback has also been established in many parts of Britain, the Netherlands, Germany, France, Finland and South Africa.

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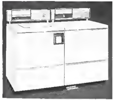

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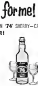

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Sweden. Thirty hours later, to the delight and relief of the Swedish fishing-tackle firms that arranged the transfer, the Canadian smallmouths were released in a Swedish lake — a far simpler transfer than those of the old days when bass had to be nursed and coddled throughout long ship journeys.

No records have been set yet by these transplanted fish. The biggest ones have come from U.S. waters. Bass activity and feeding are governed to a large extent by water temperatures. When water cools to less than fifty degrees, a temperature at which trout thrive, the bass begin getting lethargic and do little feeding. In winter in the north bass go into a state of semi-hibernation and stop feeding entirely. So in the U.S., where warmer water provides a longer feeding season, bass grow faster and bigger.

The average Canadian largemouth is two to three pounds, the average smallmouth half a pound less, but every fishing season produces a few six- and seven-pounders. The record largemouth is a 33-inch 22-pounder caught in Georgia in 1932. The fish generally accepted today as the world's record smallmouth is an 11-pound 15-ouncer caught in Tennessee in 1955.

A new Canadian smallmouth record is being established every few years and Canada may yet produce a world record. One embattled smallmouth that set a Canadian record was a twitchy veteran of Rock Lake, Algonquin Park, Ont., which became affectionately known as Old Black Joe. Though hooked several times, its savage fighting always threw the hook or broke the line and let it escape. Scores of fishermen spent vacations fishing for Old Black Joe and nothing else, but it began to look as if the old lunker were going to defy them all and die of old age. But age began to tell: the old fellow's stamina began to wane and finally in September 1949 it was caught cleanly and fairly on a fly rod with light tackle after a 25-minute battle by Edward J. Rainy of Lockport, N.Y. Old Black Joe was 23 inches long and his eight pounds one ounce set a Canadian smallmouth record.

Two years later beginner's luck toppled the Old Black Joe record. Nicholas Zaykowski, a hotel owner from Bradford, Ont., had never been fishing before when some friends took him to McCauley Lake on the eastern edge of Algonquin Park in September 1951. They gave Zaykowski some instruction and then next morning, full of beginner's enthusiasm, the hotelkeeper was out alone before breakfast trolling for lake trout. He hooked into a big fish which, even on his copper trolling line, took half an hour to land. Zaykowski didn't know what he had caught and he was preparing to clean it for breakfast when his fishing companions discovered he had a gigantic smallmouth which they thought might set a record. Zaykowski and his fish were rushed to Madawaska, where postmaster H. A. Chaddock witnessed the weighing. The bass was 23 inches long and weighed nine pounds two ounces, and a scale reading by a biologist showed it to be thirteen years old.

Zaykowski's fish remained a Canadian record holder until 1954 when Engmar Anderson of North Tonawanda, N.Y., caught a smallmouth weighing nine pounds thirteen ounces in Birch Bark Lake near Kinmount, Ont. This one, still two pounds below the U.S. record, remains the biggest Canadian smallmouth on record.

The male bass, for all its vicious fight and pugnacity, is nature's prize example of a henpecked husband. Bass are devoted and faithful homemakers, constructing a nest in which the eggs are laid and the young are cared for, but it is the male who does all the work. When water temperatures rise to sixty degrees in May or June each male smallmouth feels a homemaking urge. By fanning with his tail he cleans out a saucer-shaped nest about three feet across on a sandy or gravelly area of stream or lake bottom. Then, by some process of wooing that only a bass understands, he induces a female to deposit eggs in his nest. As soon as the egg-laying is completed the female gads off and leaves the male in charge. He becomes a ferocious guardian and remains devotedly at his post, recklessly attacking every potential enemy that comes near, not even leaving to feed.

Male bass at this time will even attack swimmers. One of them a few years ago near Beaverton on Lake Simcoe repeatedly sent bathers scurrying ashore with bitten legs and ankles. Finally an annoyed swimmer caught the bass on a hook and line, carried it several hundred feet down the shore and released it. The swimmer walked back to enjoy a more peaceful swim only to find that the bass had returned ahead of him and was again attacking all intruders. The swimmers gave up.

If the water remains warm, the eggs hatch in three to six days and the male then has a family of from a few hundred to a couple of thousand tiny bass fry to protect. The youngsters at first eat microscopic water plants and animals, and if the water is fertile and the feeding good they grow to half an inch in two weeks. About this time the male leaves them to fend for themselves.

Their growth rate can vary widely depending on the food available and the competition for it. Young bass soon switch to larger food such as aquatic insects. The faster growing ones before long are eating their own brothers and sisters.

Once the male abandons his family, life for the teeming bass fry becomes an almost hopeless struggle for survival. Practically all must be eaten by bigger fish at some time before maturity to provide the foodstuff that will produce a couple of big ones. A pair of bass may produce and fertilize twenty thousand eggs in a five-year adult life span, yet only two of that twenty thousand need survive to maturity to replace adults that die.

The theory underlying bass restrictions has been that they should let small bass grow to maturity and spawn at least once or twice before anglers remove them.

But scientists now suspect that such restrictions as the minimum size limit are letting too many bass survive, which reduces instead of increases the number of big bass available to anglers. Bass-fishing restrictions are being relaxed everywhere, in some areas totally abolished.

The scientific reasoning behind it all is this: First of all, bass are very prolific and a few spawning pairs are capable of producing enough eggs to keep the average bass lake well populated. The main factor that determines the number of adult bass in a lake is not the amount of spawning nor the amount of fishing; it is the amount of food available. The fish food chain starts with microscopic plants like algae. These are eaten by very small water animals such as protozoa. These in turn are food for aquatic insects which are then food for small fish which, in their turn, become food for the big game fish like bass and trout. The most important link in the chain is the first one, the microscopic plants, for this is the base on which all other water life depends and its richness is determined by the water's mineral content and fertility, for water fertility, like that of soil, can vary. In a lake where these various food-chain links are in proper balance the removal of a game fish by an angler should merely reduce the pressure on the food supply and leave room for another fish to grow up and take its place.

During the last ten years more than twenty U.S. states have drastically liberalized fishing for bass and some other species as well, with encouraging results. For a few years Canadian game officials remained undecided because there was some question as to whether it would work as well in Canada's colder, less fertile waters. In 1955 Saskatchewan pioneered by removing size limits on bass and pickerel. The next year Ontario threw out its eleven-inch size limit for bass but it still retains its restrictions on seasons and daily catch. Ontario anglers must now keep the first six bass they catch — are not permitted to throw back small ones and wait for the big ones.

Quebec, which had a serious bass-stunting problem, went the whole hog. In 1956 it scrapped all bass fishing restrictions except in a small part of the province south of the St. Lawrence. The Quebec bass fisherman can now catch all he can, of any size and in any season. And in the three years that this novel experiment has been in effect, Quebec bass catches have steadily improved.

So the battling, bronze-backed smallmouth, it appears, needs no coddling. Just leave him alone to fight his own battles and he'll come out on top — as he already has in his battle with the trout for a top spot in the angler's heart ★

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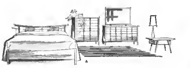

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THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME . . . Lord Alanbrooke's memoirs continued from page 19

This Cecil Beaton photo was made at New Year, 1944, a few days before Alanbrooke's visit with the Royal Family

THE ROYAL FAMILY

"A happy family group full of jokes and laughter"

"January 13th, 1944: Left the War Office for Sandringham. We found, however, Sandringham empty, as the King is using a smaller house close by.

At the gate we were stopped by a policeman who, after examining our identities, turned on a series of little magic blue lights on either side of the avenue up to the house. On arrival there I was met by Piers Legh who took me around to the drawing room. There I found the Queen alone with the two princesses. She said she had some tea for me, which she rang for and then poured out for me. The older of the two princesses also came along to assist in entertaining me, whilst the younger one remained on the sofa reading Punch's and emitting ripples of laughter at the jokes. The King came in a little later and also sat at the small table whilst I drank my tea.

"Dinner was not till 8.45 p.m. After a bit the King, Queen and eldest princess came in and we all did the necessary bowing and curtsying. We went in to dinner when I sat on the Queen's right. An exceptional charm and naturalness backed by a good sense of humor and lack of pomposity made her exceptionally attractive.

"January 14th. Sandringham. After breakfast Harry Cator and Oliver Birbeck came as the two additional guns which made us six in all.

We started at 10 a.m. and walked to the first beat. The King throughout the day took complete charge and posted all guns himself. It was all very informal and pleasant. The Queen and family turned up during the morning and kept with the King most of the time. A very happy little family group full of jokes and laughter. We had a very good day and shot 348 pheasants (all wild birds), 65 partridges, etc.

"Lockwood [Brooke's servant] was quite familiar with all the Sandringham habits. While loading for me he suddenly asked me: 'Do you like Cox's Orange Pippin apples because they grow a very good brand here. If you like them we could bring some home with us.' When I told him he must certainly not take any he said, 'Oh, I would not dream of doing that. They send them to market from here and I can pay the gardener.' I agreed that as long as they were legitimately paid for that there would be no harm in taking a few.

"Sunday, January 16th. This morning at 10 a.m. the car was all loaded up and ready. The King had been down talking to me for about a quarter of an hour. He then very kindly asked whether he could talk to Parker as he had driven him when he visited Gort (whose chauffeur he was) when he visited France. Parker beamed all over. The King had also had a talk with Lockwood while we were shooting. Finally I said good-bye to the King, thanked him profusely and drove off.

It had been a most interesting experience. The main impression that I have carried away is that the King, Queen and their two daughters provide one of the very best of examples of English family life. A thoroughly closely knit and happy family all wrapped up in each other. Secondly I was greatly impressed by the wonderful natural atmosphere, entirely devoid of all pomposity, stiffness or awkwardness. They both have a gift of making one feel entirely at home. The Queen, I think, grows on one the more one sees her and realizes the wonderful qualities she possesses.

"In the morning when the King came out to speak to Parker I had one ghastly moment that he would find the whole of the back of the car packed with his best Cox's Orange Pippin apples. But Lockwood was too clever to be caught out like that, there was lots of them all cleverly hidden and all had been paid for.

"My leg was hurting very badly so Lockwood, my invaluable batman, gave me the largest brandy I had ever drunk."

POPE PIUS XII

A happy visit for "one of those drunken Orangemen"

As he was being taken round the newly excavated Pagan tombs in the foundations of St. Peter's he (Alanbrooke) met with an accident:

"As we were finishing our inspection I stepped into an open drain in the dark with a two-foot drop. At the bottom there was an iron pipe which caught my toes and bent my foot up, giving my Achilles tendon and calf a fearful wrench. It was real agony for a few minutes and I nearly passed out, the whole place began to swim around and I had to sit down for a bit. I succeeded then in hobbling out in great pain and went to the hotel where I fomented the leg in hot water and sent for the doctor. He said he did not think anything was broken, but the sinews were torn; he nevertheless wanted to take an X-ray photograph.

"I had, however, an appointment with the Pope for 6 p.m. which I did not want to miss. I therefore left the hotel at 5.30 p.m. to pick up Osborne, our Representative at the Vatican, and we went on together. After a long and very painful walk through many chambers with Swiss Guards we were finally shown in to His Holiness' presence. He was dressed in white with a little white skullcap, a very pleasant face and very easy to talk to. I told him about my journeys and impressions and he was very interested. We discussed Russia mainly and its threat to the peace of the world. He finally gave me a silver medal of himself as a souvenir.

"I am afraid that I must have created a very poor impression on the Pope! My leg was hurting very badly and I did not know how I would ever manage the visit, so Lockwood, my invaluable batman, took the matter in hand and gave me the largest brandy I have ever drunk! It had a marvelous effect as regards restoring my morale and with the help of two sticks I felt like facing anything. But when I entered the room swaying on two sticks and breathing brandy I am certain that the Pope wrote me off as one of those drunken Orangemen from the North of Ireland that are beyond praying for! Perhaps he hoped the silver medal with his face on one side and the Good Samaritan on the other might do something towards reforming me from my wicked ways. In any case he was certainly quite charming and never disclosed his feelings."

MacARTHUR

"The greatest general that the war has produced"

A very striking personality with perhaps a tinge of the actor. Assumed the attitude of the "grand seigneur."

November 1945. "Now we are approaching the Tokyo plain and the snow-covered mountains are looking glorious as they show up clear cut against a blue sky. Fujiyama is just coming into sight.

As we landed MacArthur came forward and I had my first meeting with him. He lived well up to all my expectations and gives one at once the feeling of a big man.

We drove off together in his car and went for miles through Yokohama and Tokyo. Everywhere the same desolation, it must be seen to be believed.

I had a long and interesting talk with MacArthur. According to him the abject surrender of the Japanese was almost repulsive but they gave no trouble and ran their own disarming and demobilization quite exceptionally efficiently. He became most interesting about the Russians. According to him they were at present interested in converting Manchuria and Korea if possible into Communist States with some form of allegiance to the Soviet Union, as has already been done to Mongolia. He felt certain that they would also attempt to convert Japan into a similar subject country so as to be able to use Japanese manpower at a later date for operations in the Pacific.

He considered the Russians a greater menace than the Nazis had ever been — complete barbarians — as exemplified by one commander who had issued orders that every woman between the ages of sixteen and sixty was to be raped twice by Russian soldiers as an example of the superiority of the Russian race. MacArthur considers that they should be met by force, if necessary, and not by conciliatory methods which would only be interpreted as weakness by the Russians. He is not at all happy about the situation, his own force is only about one third of its original strength, whilst there is no diminution in the Russian strength.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"We finished up our drive at the American Embassy, where MacArthur was living. Then I met Mrs MacArthur whom I sat next to at lunch, quite easy to talk to as she ripples on the whole time."

I had kept a very careful watch on MacArthur's strategy in the Pacific and the more I saw of it the more impressed had I become. The masterly way in which he had jumped from point to point leaving masses of Japs to decay behind him had filled me with admiration, whereas any ordinary general might have eaten up penny packets of Japs till he had such indigestion that he could proceed no farther. The points he selected for his jumps were always those best suited for the efficient use of the three Services. In addition I had heard a great deal about MacArthur from our excellent liaison officers.

"From everything I saw of him that day he confirmed the admiration I already had. A very striking personality with perhaps a tinge of the actor, but any failing in this direction was certainly not offensive. On the contrary, he assumed the attitude of the "grand seigneur" and did so with great dignity.

"I came away with the impression that he is a very big man and the biggest general I have yet seen during this war. He is head and shoulders bigger than Marshall and if he had been in the latter's place during the last four years I feel certain that my task in the Combined Chiefs of Staff would have been far easier.

MacArthur was the greatest general and best strategist that the war produced. He certainly outshone Marshall, Eisenhower and all other American and British generals including Montgomery. As a fighter of battles and as a leader of men Monty was hard to beat, but I doubt whether he would have shown the same strategic genius had he been in MacArthur's position. After his liberation from Corregidor MacArthur showed considerable political ability in the handling of the Australian Prime Minister Curtin and the Australians themselves. He rapidly gained their confidence in the organization of Australia as a base for operations in the Pacific. He directed the employment of Australian forces in the early days and before adequate American forces were available in the overland operations through New Guinea. Subsequently with masterly genius he proceeded to leap frog his way up to the Philippines.

"In all these operations I never felt he had the full support of the American Chiefs of Staff. Certainly Ernie King bore him no friendly feelings but this may have been part of the normal friction between the Navy and the Army in the U S. I never felt that Marshall had any great affection for MacArthur.

It must be remembered that he had spent a large part of his life in the Pacific and had acquired a Pacific as opposed to a global aspect. The decisions he finally arrived at as regards the war in Korea were, I think, based on a Pacific outlook and as such in my opinion were right. He has been accused of taking actions without previous political approval, but he had been unable to obtain the political policy and the guidance he had sought. To my mind a general who is not prepared to assume some responsibility on his own when unable to obtain political direction is of little value.

"I am convinced that as the war can be viewed in better perspective it will be agreed that the strategic ability shown by MacArthur was in a class of its own."

KING FAROUK

"I still believe that he was badly handled"

Farouk in [illegible]. He referred to his desire for the friendliest of relations with us in spite of many slights."

"Cairo: We returned for lunch where I met the *Prime Minister*, Mohammed Nokrashy Pasha. We carried out a general conversation, and afterwards I tackled him on the necessity for some form of Confederation of Defense in the Middle East. I pointed out how the world had shrunk owing to mechanization, aviation, wireless, etc., that war in any one sphere was bound to spread to others, that modern war called for a vast industrial power to back it, that the rapidity with which action could be taken before any declaration of war all rendered it most desirable that some such defensive confederation should be formed. The only reply I could get out of him was that until Egypt obtained complete freedom and the removal of British forces, the defense would be weakened by lack of free bonds of friendship. Once freedom was gained an alliance could be formed with Great Britain. Egypt would raise three armored divisions and two infantry divisions, she could certainly finance such a force and at the same time raise air and naval forces etc. I pressed that this was not leading to a concerted defense of the Middle East and that it was courting the individual defeat of each separate state. No arguments were of any avail, he always returned to his theme of independence before anything else.

We proceeded to King Farouk's palace. We were kept waiting a little time and finally Sir Ahmed Hassanein Pasha, Chef de Cabinet, came to us and had a long talk. He assured us of the King's loyalty and friendship to the British in spite of the bad treatment he had received from Killearn. He stated that when Rommel was at the gates of Cairo the late Prime Minister had come wishing to prepare to welcome the Germans and that the King had opposed it himself. (I believe Killearn's account of this episode is just the reverse!)

"Finally Paget and I were shown into the King's presence. He had evidently been studying records of my career as he started by referring to my having speared a wolf, to my being reported as being a good shot, to my having children in the Service, etc. When this was over I was able to start in on the same lines

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as with the Prime Minister. But here I met with a great response. He was in full agreement that such a course was desirable but he foresaw political difficulties. Nevertheless he would be prepared to co-operate. He is definitely frightened of Russia and considers another war only a matter of a few years. He referred to his desire for the friendliest of relations with us, in spite of the many slights to which he had been subjected by us.

"The interview was most friendly and most promising; if handled right I feel certain we can make a strong ally of him. There are, however, certain essentials. . . . We must start moving soon and not let too much grass grow under our feet."

"In spite of Farouk's undignified end as King of Egypt, I still believe that he was badly handled in the early days. Had he been properly taken in hand in his youth he might have been prevented from descending to the tendencies which overshadowed the latter part of his reign. He was certainly far from being a fool; his intelligence might well have been directed into better channels and his influence increased throughout Egypt. He might have used his influence to counter the Anglophobia which resulted in our final departure. Whilst talking to him he said to me, 'I have sufficient intelligence to see that there are now only two powers left in Europe, and I am not so foolish as not to know which of these nations to turn to in spite of the treatment I have received at the hands of this nation.'" ★

MORE CANADIAN MEMORIES

"All these speeches strike me as being so much hot air"

Prime ministers meeting: King, Smuts, Churchill, Curtin, Fraser. "A beatific and complacent attitude of understanding but how much remains the morning after?"

"May 2. C.O.S. meeting at 10.30 at which we had to rush to work to finish before 11.30 a.m. when we again met the Dominion P.Ms. I had to give them a survey of the European theatre. It took me about an hour but seemed to keep them quiet.

I dashed off to the Cabinet. This was attended by Dominion P.Ms. My usual statement on the military situation was drawn out to an hour by continuous interruptions. The Cabinet finished with another long discussion on the bombing strategy of an attack on French railways and of killing Frenchmen."

"Dined at Ritz to entertain Dominion Military, Naval and Air representatives. I suppose that all serves some purpose in welding Imperial bonds, but I doubt it at times. All these speeches strike me as being so much hot air or alcoholic vapor which goes to everybody's head, produces a beatific and complacent attitude of wonderful fumes of understanding. But how much of all this remains there in the cold bleak reality of the morning after?"

"September 8, 1944: Queen Mary. We have been traveling in the Gulf Stream all day and consequently living in a Turkish bath of hot clamminess. At 12 noon had a meeting lasting till 1.30 p.m. with the P.M. He looked old, unwell and depressed. Evidently found it hard to concentrate and kept holding his head between his hands. He began by accusing us of framing up against him and of opposing him in his wishes. According to him we were coming to Quebec solely to obtain landing ships out of the Americans to carry out an operation against Istria to seize Trieste, and there we were suggesting that, with the rate at which events were moving, Istria might be of no value! We also suggested moving troops from Europe for Burma and had never told him that the removal of these forces was dependent on the defeat of Hitler—a completely false accusation! He further said that we had told him only one division was required for Burma, and now we spoke of five—here again a complete misstatement of facts. It was hard to keep one's temper with him, but I could not help feeling frightfully sorry for him. . . ."

"We made no progress and decided to go on tomorrow. He finished up by saying, 'Here we are within seventy-two hours of meeting the Americans and there is not a single point that we are in agreement over.'"

> He had got into his head that we were going to frame-up (he used those actual words to me) with the American Chiefs against him. As he knew that the American Chiefs could handle the President fairly easily, he feared he would be faced with a military bloc of Chiefs of Staff plus the President. As matters stood we were very far from framing up with our American colleagues even if we had wished to.

"September 11th, Quebec. We arrived here at 10 a.m. to find that the President's train had arrived before us. Conference after lunch and then several hours of reading messages. Finally dinner at the Citadel by the Athlones for Winston and Roosevelt. All the rank, fashion and clergy of Quebec, plus all American Chiefs of Staff. . . ."

"In the evening we met the P.M. at 6 p.m. He did his best to pull the whole of our final report to pieces, found a lot of petty criticisms and wanted to alter many points which we had secured agreement on with some difficulty. Anthony Eden was there and did his best to help us but unfortunately Winston was in one of his worst tempers. Now Heaven only knows what will happen tomorrow at our final Plenary meeting. He may between now and tomorrow alter his outlook, but I doubt it. The tragedy is that the Americans, whilst admiring him as a man, have little opinion of him as a strategist. They are intensely suspicious of him. All his alterations or amendments are likely to make them more suspicious than ever."

"At 11 a.m. we had our final Combined meeting and then went up to the Citadel where we met Winston. The first thing he informed us was that he wanted us all for a meeting at 5 p.m.—we had previously made it quite clear that we proposed starting on our fishing trip at 2.30 p.m.! We told him that planes were ordered and all plans made. He said we should not be seeing each other for ten days and that he must have a meeting."

"The final Plenary meeting went off well and we returned to the hotel to counter-order our plans. However, while we were at lunch we received a message from P.M. saying that, after all, he would

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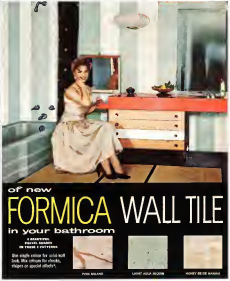

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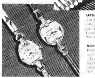

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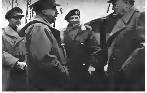

France March 1945 Canadian General Crerar with Alanbrooke Montgomery and Churchill "It had been a difficult job to get the Canadians assembled as an army"

not have a meeting and would not want us. We had a desperate rush and by 3 p.m. left the hotel for the aerodrome. Our party consisted of Cunningham, Portal, Leckie (Canadian Chief of Air Staff) and self. We took off in two amphibian planes and had an hour's very interesting flight northwest from Quebec towards Hudson's Bay Country mainly virgin forest and masses of lakes. After about 150 miles we reached the Oriskany Lake where the camp is situated. . . .

"We landed on the lake, taxied up to the landing stage, had tea, put up rods and started off in canoes to fish. Each one of us had a canoe and guide; we moved from lake to lake by 'portage,' the guide carrying the canoe on his head. . . . As it was getting dark I caught a nice two-pounder. Returned to camp by torchlight. I had caught fourteen trout but only one good one."

"September 17th. Oriskany Camp. We got up at 6 a.m. and after a cup of coffee started off with canoes and guides. We again went through Deep Lake to Silver Lake and from there on to Yates Lake and Spruce Lake and back to Silver Lake having completed a circuit which brought us to a small log hut where breakfast had been sent out. After breakfast we set out again through Lakes Bladeiran, Zoou, Sandanse to Blue Lake. . . . In the evening we worked our way home by a series of portages the way we came. How my little guide who must have been nearly as old as I am carried that eighty pound canoe all that distance is a marvel.

"We reached home after dark tired and hungry after a delightful day.

"September 18th. Lac des Neiges. Up at 6 a.m. and out to troll for grey trout in the main Oriskany Lake. We had breakfast at 9 a.m. and then sallied out by car to fish another lake. I caught another ten trout bringing my total up to thirty four averaging about ½ lb. weight.

"After lunch Cunningham took off for Quebec and New York, whilst Portal and I took off for Quebec hoping to be able to fly on to the Lac des Neiges. Unfortunately the latter is some three thousand feet up and was in the clouds, so we had to go by road. Our host, Colonel Clark, met us at the aerodrome and motored up with us. We stopped for tea at La Cabane, his river camp where Winston stayed last year. We hurried on to try and put some fishing in before dark, but only had half an hour before it became too dark.

"September 20th. Quebec. Up again at 6 a.m. and fished hard till 2.30 p.m. when we had to leave. . . . I finished the day with forty-four trout which brought up my total for the two days to a hundred and six, averaging a good 1½ lb. and out of which twelve were grey trout. It is certainly the most wonderful lake for fish that I have ever seen.

"On the way down we stopped again at La Cabane. As we had a few minutes to spare while tea was being prepared, we filled in the time fishing in the river opposite the log hut. During those few minutes Portal caught a trout of 5½ lb.— the biggest ever caught in that pool. . . .

"As we reached La Cabane we were handed an official looking telegram which had been sent up for us. It was from Winston and ran as follows:

GUNFIRE 1305)
Following for C.I.G.S. and C.A.S. from Prime Minister. Please let me

Oriskany Camp, Quebec: Portal (second from right beside Alanbrooke) reported to Churchill: Casualties inflicted by our land and air forces totaled about 250 dead.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Jump this crevasse or it's a long way down

1 **"Alpine skiing** in France's Vallée Blanche is breathtaking. 13 miles of uninterrupted downhill slopes. But disaster awaits the unwary here on Mt. Blanc's glaciers," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "When a crevasse yawned before me, I saw it just in time. To go round would mean a long detour and it was growing late. Edmond, my Chamonix guide, said we'd have to jump. Following his advice, I climbed uphill to gain speed, dug in my poles and sprang forward."

2 **"A jump turn** had stopped me at the crusty brink of the crevasse. There had been no chasm here when I'd made the run the day before. Overnight a small fissure had widened into a heart-stopping gulf."

3 **"Secured by a rope,** I'd probed the edge to find a solid jumping-off place. Still roped to Edmond, I took off, holding my breath. The 15 feet across seemed like 15 yards. The heels of my skis barely reached the downhill edge as I landed."

4 **"The jump was child's play** to Edmond. What a guide! He steered us to the Refuge du Requin. Must have known they served Canadian Club."

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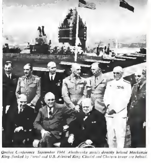

Quebec Conference September 1944 Alanbrooke stands directly behind Mackenzie King, flanked by Portal and U.S. Admiral King. Citadel and Chateau tower are behind.

know how many captives were taken by land and air forces respectively in battle of Snow Lake.

Portal worded the following reply:

Following for Prime Minister from C.I.G.S. and C.A.S. Your Gunfire 305 only just received. Battle of Snow Lake began at dawn 19th and finished 2.30 p.m. on 20th. Enemy forces were aggressive throughout and put up fierce resistance at all familiar strong points, particularly Churchill Bay and Brooke Bay. Casualties inflicted by our land and air forces were approximately equal and totaled about 250 dead, including the enemy general who surrendered to the land forces on Tuesday afternoon. In a short rearguard action at Cabane de Montmorency our air forces accounted for the largest submarine yet seen in these waters."

"**March 19, 1945.** This evening Crerar came to dine and I had a long and satisfactory talk with him after dinner. Thank heaven I have at last got the whole of the Canadian Army now assembled in France.

> It had been a difficult task to get the Canadians finally assembled as an Army in France. In the early stages McNaughton's opposition to the splitting of the Canadian forces had to be overcome. Then a portion had to be sent out to Italy when I had difficulty with their lack of trained commanders. Finally they had to be withdrawn again from Italy and assembled as a whole Army for the final stages of the operations against Germany."

Even the home front was not free from violence. "Had to attend a meeting," wrote the harassed C.I.G.S. on June 16, 1945, "to give details about the Canadian riots in Aldershot during the two last nights. Winston had already called me up at 9 a.m. and been abusive on the telephone. At the meeting he again started being abusive. Why could we not keep better order? Had we no British troops to call in to restore order? Where was our military police? Were we going to let these wild Canadians break up the homes of those poor inoffensive shopkeepers? etc."

> "In most of his suggestions he was drastically wrong. It is only as a very last resort that I should order British troops to rough-handle Canadians who are giving trouble. It would be the very best way of starting real bad troubles. In such cases Canadians must deal with their own nationals. Even British and Red Cap police must be kept out of it. I was very annoyed and I hope he realized it from my answers."

About this time a friend passed on to Brooke a rumor that his name was being considered for the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Though he could not believe it—and in view of the part he had had to play in the reorganization of the Canadian Forces it would have been out of the question—he could not repress a wild hope that it might be true. With his happy memories of that land of great lakes and forests and of his days with the Canadians in the First World War, no reward for his services could have given him greater satisfaction.

"**July 16th. Potsdam.** Started the day with a C.O.S. meeting at which we discussed our agenda for this afternoon's meeting with the Americans. At breakfast I was told that the P.M. had sent for me last night after I had gone to bed. In the morning he sent for me again. This was to tell me that he had heard from Lascelles that the King wanted Alex to replace Athlone as Governor General of Canada. This is the job that . . . had told me that they wanted me for—a job I would have given a great deal for. However, I agree that Alex is ideally suited for it and told the P.M. so. Consequently it is pretty well settled that he goes there—and I remain with a few heartburns which I think Kipling's *If* has taught me by now to overcome."

"**July 17th.** Alexander came to lunch and I had a chance of asking him afterwards how he liked the idea of the Canadian Governorship. He was delighted with the thought of it and well he might be." ★

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

"With love" [illegible] Taj Mahal [illegible]

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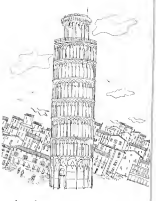

what leaning tower?

There's a little matter we want to set straight, so to speak. The Leaning Tower. Its condition has been attributed to moving in before the cement was dry, floating foundations, and keeping the coal upstairs. A Pisa Pizza pie peddler we contacted commented thusly: "Balderdash! He claimed the owner built it that way for a reason. Seems he was a bit on the careful side. Took a dim view of lashing out large quantities of his Golden Velvet to guests. (For this we can't blame him.) So, he had a lean built in so that he couldn't possibly fill his guests' glasses. Oh, the cunning of it! Having set the matter straight (straighten the picture, please) we will have ourselves a noggin of Golden Velvet. If you have a leaning towards superb Canadian Whisky you will definitely go overboard for Gilbey's Golden Velvet.

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Alanbrooke was constantly the man in the middle, with Churchill on one side and Ike on the other. Sometimes he wondered if he was "qualifying for a lunatic asylum."

THE PANGS AND PERILS OF COMMAND

Britain's top military leader records some dark moments

Once, when his opposition to some abandoned project had particularly infuriated him the Prime Minister told General Ismay that Alanbrooke hated him and would have to go. When Ismay, acting as peacemaker, reported this to Brooke the latter replied: "I don't hate him. I love him, but when the day comes that I tell him he is right when I believe him to be wrong, it will be time for him to get rid of me."

"September 14th, 1943: News about Salerno landing is going from bad to worse. It is maddening not to be able to get the Americans to realize that they are going to burn their fingers *before* they do so ..."

On the day that Brooke made this entry the Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean General Eisenhower told his naval A.D.C. that if the Salerno battle ended in disaster he would probably be out.

When his colleague and predecessor in the C.O.S. chair Sir Dudley Pound returned from the Quebec Conference a dying man and a few weeks later Brooke attended his funeral at the Abbey he wrote in his diary:

"I felt as I sat next to his coffin that amongst the three Chiefs of Staff he had certainly chosen the one road that led at last to peace and an end to these worldly struggles and in some ways I envied him."

"November 11th: Long C.O.S. meeting with the Joint Intelligence Committee and Duncan Sandys to reorganize the research organization and necessary action required to meet German rocket. Then interview with Sinclair [Ministry of Supply] concerning production required during 1944, 45 and 46. Not an easy matter to predict for.

"We are now getting near our departure for Cairo. I feel that we shall have a pretty serious set-to which may strain our relations with the Americans but I am tired of seeing our strategy warped by their short-sightedness."

Brooke received a letter from John Dill in Washington describing the cross-currents that were making it so difficult for the British Chiefs of Staff to reach agreement with their American colleagues:

"I have been in and out of Marshall's room lately trying to get him to see your point of view regarding Anvil Overlord and trying to get his point of view. I take it that now that the U.S. Chiefs of Staff have delegated their power to Eisenhower on this question you will be satisfied.

"The U.S. Chiefs of Staff are engaged in a fresh battle regarding Pacific strategy. It really is the Navy and King in particular vs the rest. The result of the attack in the Marshalls has given them all great encouragement to go further and faster. Risks can now be taken which they would not look at a month ago. The fact is I think that the Japanese air forces are now not up to much and can be crushed locally. No one expected that the Americans could so flatten the Japanese air forces in the Marshalls that huge naval task forces could sail about unmolested. But that is what happened."

King does not get any easier as time goes on. I am ashamed of a rather sneaking regard for him. He has built up a great Navy but he does not trust us a yard ... I believe his war with the U.S. Army is as bitter as his war with us. But he has his admirals well in hand."

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Alanbrooke and Pound: "As I sat next to his coffin in some ways I envied him."

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"Lumsden (British representative at MacArthur's headquarters) came to see me and was most interesting concerning the Pacific. Apparently Admiral Nimitz and MacArthur have never even yet met, although working side by side. King and MacArthur are totally opposed in their plans. Marshall and King are frightened of MacArthur standing for Presidency. General opinion is that King has finished serving his useful period [illegible]. All military plans shadowed by political backgrounds. God knows how this will straighten itself out!"

"February 16th. I had hardly arrived in the office when I was sent for by the P.M. who wanted to send Alexander to command the troops in the bridgehead and Wilson to command the main front. I am afraid I rather lost my temper with him over this and asked him if he could not for once trust his commanders to organize the Command for themselves without interfering and upsetting all the chain and sequence of Command. He gave up his idea for the present but may well return to the attack.

"March 1st. I went to receive my baton from the King. Whilst receiving my baton the King said that he understood that there was some idea about continuing our Pacific operations from Australia instead of India. Had I any maps or Appreciation that would explain what was intended. I told him we had just prepared an Appreciation. He then said he would like to see it. I then found myself in a difficult position; if I went any further I might well be considered as trying to rope in the King's support against the P.M. As I was going out, the King again asked for a copy of this Appreciation.

"I asked to see the P.M. and went round at 12.45. I wanted to discuss the King's request. I told him I wanted his advice and he started talking about quite a different subject! I then returned to my point and told him my trouble about the King's request and that I did not want to go behind his (the P.M.'s) back about it. He then said he had written a new paper about it, rang the bell to get it and started reading it. I returned to my point and reminded him I had come to ask his advice. He replied that he must just read this bit of his new paper to me. And so we went on fencing. Finally I said that his paper would certainly be considered later by the C.O.S. but what I wanted was a definite decision as to what action I was to take. I said I proposed to inform the King that the P.M. had not yet had time to see our paper and that I thought that owing to our differences of opinion he should be given some more time to consider it and prepare his remarks. He agreed to this procedure."

"March 14th. P.M. hopes to go to Bermuda. I had another interview with Moran (Churchill's physician) yesterday to try and stop the P.M. on medical grounds. He tells me he is writing to the P.M. to tell him that there are three good reasons why he should not go:

(a) he may become a permanent invalid if he does.
(b) owing to his very recent go of pneumonia he is quite likely to get another if he exposes himself to the hardships and fatigues of a journey, and
(c) he is liable to bring on a heart attack."

"March 17th. On conclusion of our C.O.S. meeting we were sent for by the P.M. to discuss latest American forecast of their moves through the Pacific which have been speeded up by several months in view of their recent successes in the Marshall and Admiralty Islands. He then informed us that he had discovered a new island just northwest of Sumatra called Simalur. He had worked out that the capture of the island would answer as well as the tip of Sumatra and would require far less strength. However, by the time he had asked Portal for his view he found out that from the point of view of the air he had little hope of building up his aerodromes and strength before being knocked off. From Cunningham he found out that from a naval point of view with the Jap fleet at Singapore he was courting disaster. I began to wonder whether I was in Alice in Wonderland or qualifying for a lunatic asylum!

"Cabinet meeting to discuss security arrangements for Overlord. . . . We finished by leaving the two main difficulties, the diplomatic channels and the Coastal Ban, unsettled. Back to dinner for more work immediately after it and finally at 10 p.m. off for our meeting with the P.M. on the Pacific strategy. Our party consisted of Chiefs of Staff. Portal not too anxious to argue against the P.M. and dear old Cunningham so wild with rage that he hardly dared to let himself speak! I therefore had to do most of the arguing with the P.M. and Cabinet Ministers. It was only too evident that they did not know their subject and had not read the various papers connected with it and had purely been brought along to support Winston. And damned badly they did it too. I had little difficulty in dealing with any of the arguments they put forward. Finally we succeeded in getting the P.M. to agree to reconnaissances of Australia being carried out as a possible base for future action."

Field Marshal Alanbrooke and King George VI: "I went to receive my baton."

"March 22nd. C.O.S. meeting from 10.30 to 1.15 p.m. with a long discussion with the Planners concerning the latest Appreciation by Wilson for the abolition of Anvil. Then Eisenhower and Bedell Smith came up to discuss their report which agreed with what we wanted. I now hope that at last all may be well and that the American Chiefs of Staff will see wisdom.

"After lunch I had a series of interviews. And finally we had a meeting with the P.M. to tell him what we had settled. He was in a good mood and all went well beyond wasting an hour with interruptions of every description. Had we seen the last wire to Stalin? What was happening in Hungary? Why would we use the word intensive when the correct word was intense? He had had a lovely view of last night's raid from the roof. He was going to broadcast on Sunday night. What a strain we had been having for the last three years. Why could not Wilson be more intelligent? etc., etc. All these were sandwiched in between each paragraph of the Minutes he was looking through.

"Thank Heaven Roosevelt cannot meet him in Bermuda so our trip next week is off."

"May 16th. Another day of continuous work. First a long C.O.S. when we had a meeting with the Planners in order to try and settle a final Pacific strategy to put up to the P.M. The problem is full of difficulties although the strategy is quite clear. Unfortunately the right course to follow is tied hand by personalities, questions of command, vested interests, inter-allied jealousies, etc. Curtin and MacArthur are determined to stand together, support each other and allow no outside interference. Winston is determined Mountbatten must be given some operation to carry out. Andrew Cunningham is equally determined that Mountbatten should not control the Eastern Fleet. Americans wish to gather all forces connected with Pacific fighting and Winston is equally determined that we should not be tied to the apron strings of the Americans! How on earth are we ever to steer a straight course between all these snags and difficulties? ★

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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De Gaulle returns to France: Alanbrooke watches him at the Unknown Soldier's grave

DE GAULLE "The resistance generals did not think much of the part he had played"

"November 10th, 1944: Paris! After spending a usual morning and attending the C.O.S. meeting I had an early lunch and left for Northolt aerodrome where our party assembled ready to embark in two Dakotas for Paris. The party consisted of P.M., Anthony Eden, Mrs. Churchill and Mary, Pug, Jimmy Cadogan, etc. Met on aerodrome by Guard of Honor of National Guard. De Gaulle, Juin, many members of Cabinet and officials."

November 11th. Paris. At 10 a.m. General Juin's A.D.C. came to collect me and we started off for the great function of the day. We drove to the Arc de Triomphe where we waited for the P.M. and De Gaulle. When they arrived they went up together to lay a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave and for De Gaulle to relight the perpetual flame.

De Gaulle then presented medals to a group of officers. After that we marched on foot down the Champs Elysées to a stand which had been put up. The security side was appalling and I had many feelings for Winston at times.

"I was interested to meet the Resistance generals and to hear their views on De Gaulle. They did not think much of the part he had played. One of them said to me: 'De Gaulle! What did he do? Evacuated his family to London from the start where he followed them. There he lived comfortably throughout the war whilst we were risking our lives daily in contact with the Germans, living in the cellars with them overhead and expecting daily to be apprehended by the Gestapo. Meanwhile from his safe position he had the impertinence to say "Je suis la France!"' They were very bitter and had little use for him." ★

At Potsdam Conference: Truman, a modest man devoted to his former chief's memory, held himself bound to carry out Roosevelt's policy of trusting the Soviet leaders

TRUMAN Stalin said, "Honesty adorns the man"

Potsdam, July 24, 1945: "Plenary Meeting at the President's house with him and the P.M. present. I was very interested in this first meeting with Truman after the many we had had with Roosevelt. On the whole I liked him, not the same personality as his predecessor, but a quick brain, a feeling of honesty, a good businessman and a pleasant personality. Last night in one of his quick remarks Stalin had said about him 'Honesty adorns the man' and he was not far wrong."

The new American President, Truman, a modest man devoted to his former chief's memory, held himself bound to carry out Roosevelt's policy of trusting the Soviet leaders. He was surrounded by advisers, both civil and military, who looked with the utmost suspicion on Churchill's wish to halt the Russians until they had honored their agreements and while the democracies still possessed the forces in Europe with which to do so. Despite the change in the Soviet attitude since the demarcation lines for the Occupying Armies had been agreed in 1944 Washington now insisted on withdrawing its troops from the Elbe to the west of Leipzig and Erfurt, thus handing over to the Russians a further large slice of Christendom at the very moment that they were extinguishing the last remnants of Polish independence three hundred miles to the east. To the Prime Minister this retreat, which was carried out at the beginning of July, established Soviet tyranny permanently in the centre of Europe, bringing down, as he put it, "an iron curtain between us and everything to the eastward." But the only American reaction expressed by the dead President's confidential adviser Harry Hopkins was that it was of vital importance that the United States should not be manoeuvred into a position where she would be aligned with Britain as a block against Russia to implement England's European policy." ★

CONTINUED OVER PAGE

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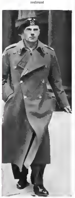

"No hope. His wife and children were in Poland. He could never see them again."

ANDERS OF POLAND

"He could never trust the Russians"

August 23, 1944. Near Siena. "I met Anders of the Polish Corps and found him in great spirits in spite of the Warsaw troubles with the Russians. His attitude being: 'We Poles have two deadly enemies, the Germans and the Russians. We are now engaged with the Germans — well, let us make a job of this enemy first.'"

February 22, 1945. "A very trying hour with General Anders, who is back from Italy. He had been to see the P.M. yesterday, but was still terribly distressed. According to him the root of the trouble lay in the fact that he could never trust the Russians after his experiences with them whilst Winston and Roosevelt were prepared to trust them. After having been a prisoner and seeing how Russians could treat Poles he considered he was in a better position to judge what Russians were like than the President or the

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P.M. He said that he had never been more distressed since the war started. When in a Russian prison he was in the depth of gloom, but he did then always have hope. Now he could see no hope anywhere. His wife and children were in Poland and he would never see them again; that was bad enough. But what was infinitely worse was the fact that all the men under his orders relied on him to find a solution to this insoluble problem. They all said: 'Oh! Anders will go to London and will put matters right for us,' and he, Anders, saw no solution and this kept him awake at night. I felt most awfully sorry for him; he is a grand fellow and takes the whole matter terribly hard. He is to see Winston again next Wednesday and me afterwards. I shudder at the thought of this next interview."

May 2. "This afternoon Anders again came to see me having returned from visiting his Corps of Poles in Italy. He says there are at least one million Poles in Western Europe which he can (and wishes to) get hold of to swell his forces. He wishes to take part in the occupation of Germany and then has wild hopes of fighting his way home to Poland through the Russians! A pretty desperate problem the Polish Army is going to present us with." ★

Lord Alanbrooke visited King Ibn Saud in 1945: "He started referring to Russians and his distaste for them."

KING IBN SAUD

"A most impressive-looking figure"

The C.I.G.S. stayed two nights with the Governor of the Sudan, Sir Hubert Huddleston, and General Paget, who had flown from Cairo to meet him. Then he crossed back to Asia to visit King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia at his capital, Jidda.

"A strange city of miniature Arabian skyscrapers, four to five stories high, with much wood carving on the front and very attractive grey houses with their carved windows and verandas. To the palace for a banquet with the King. The clothes of all the attendants and guests were past description. Everywhere again swords, daggers, pistols, bandoliers of cartridges, rifles and on the top of it all some wonderful wild faces. The King's bodyguard were the most impressive of the lot, dressed in a sort of colored dressing gown and covered with weapons of all descriptions.

"I was shown into a large reception room with the King seated on his Throne at the far end. A most impressive looking figure well over six foot with a refined Arab face. I sat on his right and we spoke about general subjects mainly connected with my journey. He also introduced me to some of his many sons (forty, I believe in all). The youngest is his special pet and the one he drew my attention to repeatedly.

"After talking for about a quarter of an hour we processed into the banqueting hall. We must have sat down close on sixty to eighty. He had invited the whole of our party including the crew of the aeroplane. The table was groaning with food of every description. Behind me was a footman who kept piling food onto my plate and then removing it while I was talking to the King and then starting again with a new plate and other dishes!

"It was not long before he started referring to the Russians and his distaste for them. He said that their doctrines to this world were like a cancer in a man's stomach. He told me the story of a hunter who met a snake. The snake said it was being pursued by a wolf and asked for shelter. The hunter put him in his clothes. The snake said it was not enough and that the hunter must put him into his mouth, which the hunter did. Shortly afterward the snake looked out and said 'Where is the wolf?' The hunter then told him that the wolf was dead. The snake then said, 'And now you are in my power; shall I bite you in the tongue or in the palate?'" ★

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Alanbrooke and Alexander visit a New Zealand brigade in Italy in December, 1943

ALEXANDER "Never scheming or pulling strings"

"In my talk with Alexander I found him, as always, quite charming to deal with, always ready to do what was requested of him, never scheming or pulling strings. A soldier of the very highest principles.

"*I had* a very useful conference with Eisenhower on the Mediterranean. Ike's suggested solution was to put Wilson in Supreme Command, replace Alex by Monty and take Alex home to command the land forces for Overlord. This almost fits in with my idea except that I would invert Alex and Monty."

> "It was very useful to have this talk with Ike in which I discovered, as I had expected, that he would sooner have Alex with him for Overlord than Monty. He also knew that he could handle Alex but was not fond of Monty and certainly did not know how to handle him."

Alexander had written to Alanbrooke in March 1944: "Unfortunately we are fighting the best soldiers in the world — what men! You should have seen the bombardment of Cassino by the air and then by the best part of eight hundred guns ... from 8.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. ... and then when the New Zealanders advanced to the attack they were met by a lot — no not a lot but what remained of these wild animals. I spoke to several of them afterwards — fine, husky looking fellows and well mannered ... I do not think any troops could have stood up to it perhaps except these para boys."

"I am rather disappointed that Alex did not make a more definite attempt to smash Kesselring's forces up whilst they are south of the Apennines. He has planned a battle on the Apennine position and seems to be deliberately driving the Germans back on to that position instead of breaking them up in the more favorable country. I cannot feel that this policy of small pushes all along the line and driving the Boche like partridges can be right. I should have liked to see one concentrated attack with sufficient depth to it put in at a suitable spot with a view to breaking through and smashing up German divisions by swinging with right and left." ★

President Eisenhower's reunion party in London last September found Alanbrooke again at Churchill's right hand with Eisenhower, Alexander and Montgomery all nearby

---

Next issue: Alanbrooke's further memories of the incomparable Winston Churchill

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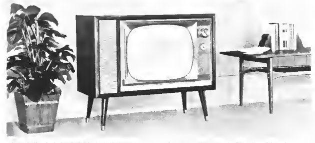

No production shortcuts in Zenith's handcrafted horizontal chassis means greater operating dependability, fewer service headaches. Above is the Zenith Thorndale with Sound-out front Speakers, Sunshine picture tube and Cinelens Spotlite Dial. 21" overall diagonal picture tube, 262 square inches of rectangular viewing area. Lo-boy console in grained Walnut, Mahogany or Blond Oak colors, Model D2347.

Zenith radio—famous for quality the world over for 41 years

At left is the Zenith Royal 250, an all-new all-transistor pocket radio with super-sensitive long-distance circuitry, only $59.95.* At right is the Zenith Trans-Oceanic Royal 1000, the smallest, lightest band-spread short wave portable radio ever made. Powered to tune in the world. Priced at $329.50.*

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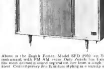

Above is the Zenith Foster, Model SFD 2560, an Extended Stereophonic instrument with FM-AM radio. Only Zenith has Extended Stereophonic—the most dramatic sound separation ever from a single, self-contained instrument. Contemporary fine furniture styling in a variety of wood color consoles.

ZENITH

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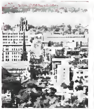
One Hamilton mayor astounded the Prince of Wales by calling him "Princie" all day long



Lower James runs to Canada's busiest waterway

The street isn't all banks — immigrants sit and chat outside their shops

the Hamilton branch, Canadian Bank of Commerce, just across the road, finds it comforting. A senior executive from head office noticed that the manager's windows were not very high above the floor. "A person passing along the street could look in here," he exclaimed.

"And it's easy for me to look out," Weir countered. "After reading the mail from head office each day it's soothing to be able to turn and look out on the Gore there."

The Gore is a soothing spot all right, a pleasant break in the blocks of closely packed buildings. But some of these buildings have a character and form which help to give James Street its pre-eminence in Hamilton and a certain importance among the streets of the nation. St. Paul's Presbyterian Church is a masterpiece. In the opinion of Harry Knowles, a famous New York architect, the nave is one of the best examples of late medieval Gothic on this side of the ocean. The spire, according to Knowles, is worth the trip from New York to behold.

The congregation obviously agreed, for when the top ten feet of the original spire was so damaged by an earthquake in 1944 that it had to be replaced, the unused stones were rebuilt in their original form as a monument to the church's builders.

The Birks building, which started out as the head office of the Canada Life Assurance Company, is the finest example of Romanesque architecture on the continent. At least that's what Oscar Wilde said when he saw the city in 1883. Wilde was not an architect, but he was not noted for fulsome remarks either. A clock, added to the building when it was bought by Birks thirty years ago, gives it a decided English accent. The clock is fashioned after the famous 14th-century clock on Wells Cathedral. Its charging horsemen come out and tilt at each other on every quarter hour. The clock is a great favorite with children. On Saturdays when shopping mothers take over the street, shuttling from Eaton's to Robinson's to Birks, they are often pulled up in their tracks by youngsters when the clock shows that the knights are about to sally forth.

Christ's Church Anglican Cathedral hides its chief beauties within. The hammer beam roof of the chancel is the most impressive example of this type of thirteenth-century roofing in Canada, and the reredos, hand carved from Caen stone by Wippell of Exeter, is in the opinion of William R. Souter, a Fellow of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, "absolutely out of this world."

Even the city's tallest office building is architecturally unique. The Pigott Building is built in the style known as "collegiate-Gothic." In the lobby the sun is filtered through stained-glass windows. One would expect them to depict episodes from the lives of the saints. Instead they show various activities of the building trade. Hustling businessmen tread a red carpet to reach the elevators. The building's four-story superstructure, floodlit at night, floats above the street like a hovering ark of the prophets not quite certain that this is a suitable place to land.

Joseph M. Pigott, chairman of the board of Pigott Construction Company Limited, put up the building in 1926. When asked why the Gothic style was used for an office building he replies, "I don't know. It seemed like a good idea at the time." The classical influence doesn't conceal the purpose of the building. It is still a monument to a company which has become one of Canada's big four among construction and engineering firms.

From there to the foot of the mountain fine old homes are giving way to commerce and change. Marshall Lounsbury, a real-estate man, says "The Medical Arts building started the big move." The Medical Arts building was started thirty years ago by an ambitious group of doctors who were battling creditors before the roof was on. But before the depression was over the building's hundred and forty-eight suites were leased to doctors and dentists and all debts had been paid.

The success of the Medical Arts building attracted other businesses. Many old mansions of stone and brick still stand on James Street South giving a first impression of gracious living. But their front doors bear the names of insurance companies and real-estate firms. Their interiors have been gutted of oak panelling, Axminster carpets and crystal chandeliers. Now polished blond wood and tile floors glisten under fluorescent lights. The gardens are parking lots.

Most of these changes have been made with taste, but a few serious sins have been committed. The "Castle," as it is known in Hamilton, is a grey stone house built a century ago by a bachelor lawyer, Colin Reid, who recreated the baronial beauty of his ancestral home in Scotland. For nearly a hundred years Reid's home stood in spacious grounds behind a high stone wall. Today the wall and the wrought iron gates are gone. A service station squats between the Castle and the street. The building itself has become a frowzy conglomeration of flats and offices; an ill-proportioned wing has been added. Huge letters across the top proclaim that the Dale Carnegie Institute, purveyors of charm, is a tenant.

On the other hand, no one who reveres the past would quarrel with Lee Hing. For sixty years Lee has had a laundry on James Street. He is a dedicated royalist. More than two generations of passersby have paused to look at the dozens of portraits of the British royal family which crowd his shop window and door. Royalty doesn't hog it all, but one can study the faces of the House of Windsor for fully a minute before noticing that granddaughter Lee Mei is peeping over Queen Mary's shoulder or that nephew Lee Chong is cheek by jowl with Prince Philip. Lee Hing rearranges his window frequently with as much care as a professional window dresser.

This part of the street is an echo of Montreal with its terraces of old stone houses, two or three of them a block long, and with railed-in areaways. "Just like Sherbrooke Street — that is, like parts of Sherbrooke Street twenty years ago," says Clare Amy, who came from Montreal a few years ago to manage the main Hamilton office of the Royal Bank.

Across from the terraces, the Cutrara brothers—Angelo, Nicholas and Richard—opened a grocery store nine years ago. From corner grocery to prestige skyscraper is one of the recent success stories of the street. The Cutraras tired of the grocery line after four years and became hardware merchants. Three years later they sold out their hardware stock and turned the premises into a furniture shop. Then they decided to get into the big time. A year ago astonished residents nearby saw the wreckers clawing at the furniture store even as the brothers were putting up a large sign: the advent of an office building on the site for lawyers, architects and doctors. What's more, the building was sixty-five percent rented before all the steel was erected.

The Cutraras' building went up a lot faster than Queen Victoria's monument. At the beginning of the century the women of Hamilton raised $10,000, mostly in nickels and dimes, to honor Queen Victoria with a monument. Philippe Hébert, the Montreal sculptor, was commissioned. He found out what it was to deal with women shoppers. Four successive models depicting four different poses were sent from his Montreal studios and each was placed on view in the Board of Trade rooms for the women of Hamilton to view — and reject. The fifth was accepted. The monument was unveiled on Victoria Day 1908, almost three years after the subscription lists were opened.

The stones of the city hall, a block north of the Gore, were still fresh looking when the Queen Victoria monument was put up. The building was then twenty-one years old. But the old Queen will watch its demise next year when civic administration will leave James Street after a tenure of more than a hundred years for the new nine-million-dollar city hall by Pigott farther south and west. When that happens the street will lose one of its more important focal points, but it will always have the traditions, serious and otherwise, which a century of city government provides.

There was Mayor Charlie Booker, a free and easy type who startled the Prince of Wales during his visit to Hamilton in 1919 by addressing him in comradely fashion as "Princie" throughout the day. And there was Mayor Sam Lawrence, a staunch progressive who interrupted his career in city politics in 1934 to contest a seat in the provincial legislature. He won as a CCF candidate.

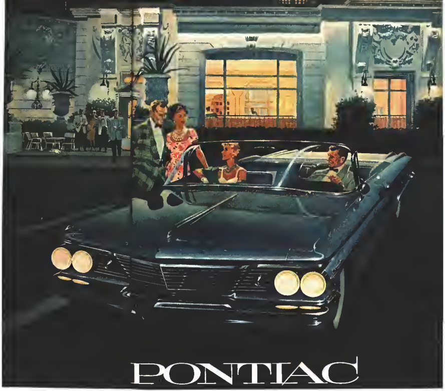
North of the city hall, James Street is bustling and noisy; much of its life is lived right on the sidewalks.

In recent years Italian immigrants have swarmed into the tributary streets which empty into James' northern reaches and they are taking over more and more of the retail shops on the street itself. On summer evenings they gather for curbside chatter sessions, often blocking foot traffic but filling the air with conversation and seeming to mock the staid sections to the south. And they have brought espresso coffee to the few small restaurants in the north end for the delectation of older residents as well as themselves.

Norman Leon, short, balding, with a sunny smile, is a furrier in the early

Continued on page 100

fresh point of view



See it, admire it, drive it today!

Canadian and European tradition. Except that he doesn't actually trap the animals himself, the coats, stoles and wraps in his shop are entirely the work of his hands. Leon buys his pelts at the big Montreal and New York auctions, sorts, cuts and turns them himself, then patterns and tailors the finished garment. Finally he's the salesman.

Leon came straight to James Street from Russia in 1927, a fourth-generation fur cutter and tailor. "Knowing by the feel of a pelt how long it will wear, and which part of the garment it should fill, is the trick," Leon says. "It takes about twenty years to learn." He is something of a philosopher. "Once you've sold a woman a fur coat, you've married her," he says. "She always stays with you for repairs, alterations, replacements."

A second generation East Prussian candy maker, Heinz Boehmfeld and his wife Frieda, titillate the older Hamiltonians on the street with European candy shaped like vegetables and fruits, hand painted with vegetable dyes to an amazing likeness of form and color. Their window contains trays filled with such strange sweets as white chocolate (ordinary chocolate without the cocoa) and marzipan, a traditional Christmas treat in Germany. Boehmfeld would not divulge her recipe for anything. "Not for five thousand dollars," he says. "It's a secret family process. It must stay that way."

This part of the street was never attractive, even in its better days half a century ago, but it has always been interesting because of the people who lived there. Billy Carroll was Hamilton's best known bookmaker but he was never convicted. He operated a cigar store as a front, never welshed on a bet, never tried to make a layoff and was never known to remove his hat. This last characteristic bothered his friends and clients who frequently devised ruses to make Carroll uncover, such as bringing a gramophone into the shop with a record of the national anthem or offering a free haircut. Billy's black derby remained on his head.

There is a story of two friends who broke into his rooms above the cigar store at two o'clock one morning to see if he slept with his hat on. They reported that Carroll was sitting up in bed, wide awake, with the derby still in perfect balance.

Tommy Gould was a well-to-do man who owned about a block of this part of the street and chose to live there instead of in the south end. But Gould, like any gentleman in the jungle, never let the sun set without getting into correct evening attire even when he was staying in his home or just taking a walk up and down the street. Early in the century Gould bought a complete movie outfit—camera and projector—and, in a shack behind one of his stores, showed friends his own home-made movies. He was probably the first home movie bug in the country.

The armories take up about a block of the north end: red brick, turreted, squat, the James Street armories is the home of two proud regiments, the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, which with the Essex Scottish was first to hit the beaches at Dieppe, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, Princess Louise's, which salutes the Queen as its Colonel-in-chief.

Across from the armories is a hall which presents two large wooden doors to the street, about the size of barn doors and, like many barn doors, painted a drab brown. At the beginning of the century this hall was an indoor swimming pool. Then it became a roller rink and dance hall. A few years later it was a wrestling and boxing arena where Charlie Conkle won his Canadian middleweight wrestling championship. By 1950 it was a meeting hall. That year the Red Dean of Canterbury was chased off the platform, only to seek safety, having fled through a rear exit, in the Hungarian Communist Hall across the street, where he managed to finish his speech. The building now seems to have ended the turbulent part of its career. For more than a year it has been St. Michael's Hungarian Greek Catholic Church.

The extreme north end of James Street is solidly anchored by the Harbor Commissioners Building, a few steps from the harbor itself. Not long ago this section had a reputation for toughness. Police patrolled it in pairs and on Friday and Saturday nights the patrol wagon was driven to the foot of the street as a matter of routine. Today, one can walk this part of James Street at any hour with no greater inconvenience than having to brush off a few drunks.

Down near the waterfront "Smack" Allen runs a drugstore which offers a lesson in merchandising to many of the neighboring shops, which are ill kept, sparsely stocked places. When Allen, a former amateur hockey star, opened up twelve years ago he took a deep breath and stocked up with fifteen thousand different items from the complete pharmaceutical list to the latest in ball point pens and sunglasses. "I figured that the people at this end of the street deserved as much choice and service as anyone," he explains. He figured right. Money which used to be carried farther along the street to the better shops now comes right to his door.

The qualities of originality and initiative shown by Allen, Leon and the Cutulas abound on James Street and not without ample precedent. In 1839 John Street, two blocks east, was shaping up as the city's main north-south thoroughfare. This was not to be borne by the merchants and residents of James Street. They took up a thirty-one-pound collection and built a boardwalk on the east side of the street. John Street was dead.

Today the [illegible] tide of seaway business is lapping at the foot of James Street where the Harbor Commissioners Building is to be matched by a triple-wing office building directly across the street for shippers, export-import firms, and similar marine businesses. James Street hasn't time to look back. ★

For the sake of argument

continued from page 12

"I think we British immigrants have it too soft; our privileges annoy other New Canadians"

A hermit hiding in a Rocky Mountain valley enjoys a freedom many other countries would not allow. These benefits have been built into Canadian life by people who discharged their civic duties. We have an obligation to share these duties—and this we cannot do fully until we are Canadian citizens.

There are other good and this time material reasons for taking the step. In Citizen, published by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, a recent article was called "Why Become a Canadian Citizen?" It said: "The alien in Canada is subject to all the responsibilities with respect to law that are incumbent upon the citizen. At the same time he enjoys only limited rights. His interests are taken care of in government by elected representatives, but he does not share in choosing the representatives. He must obey every law but he has no voice concerning the institution of such laws. He pays all taxes but he has no control over the taxing bodies. He is living under a considerable disability which merely serves to accentuate the fact that he is indeed a guest and nothing more than that."

The largest single employer—the Government of Canada—generally restricts employment to Canadian citizens or other British subjects, so also do some provincial governments, and certain professions such as teaching and law. An alien may not own a Canadian aircraft or ship or operate a radio or television station. He has problems at borders when he travels abroad. Canadian citizenship is almost a prerequisite for a long-distance truck driver.

If the burdens borne by aliens bring a self-righteous glow to the hearts of my fellow British DPs I hope I'll be able to cool you down slightly.

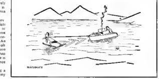
From 1946 to 1957, 531,852 British immigrants entered Canada. Nearly a third of total immigration for that period. Yet we find British registration for Citizenship from '51 to '57 totaled 23,230. This is about ten percent of the 203,210 souls from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales eligible.

"But what difference does it make?" you ask. "I can vote. I'm a British subject. So is a Canadian."

It makes this difference. All Canadians are British subjects but not all British subjects are Canadians. In the oath of allegiance for Canadian citizenship one swears not only allegiance to the British Crown, but to "faithfully observe the laws of Canada and fulfill my duties as a Canadian citizen." Don't you think we owe these latter assurances to the country we've chosen to live in?

British subjects or not, let's not forget we live here by privilege and not by right. One aspect of this privilege is the Canadian passport. This, as one ex-Scot, now Canadian, says "is the best card of introduction anywhere abroad I've ever known. It wins more acceptance than both U.S. and U.K. passports."

I think we've got it too soft: voting rights after a year, preferential immigration treatment. It's all too easy. Even in our citizenship applications we get special treatment. For us the application fee is only five dollars. For all others it's ten dollars. We can mail in a notarized application. Others have to attend court three times in the course of becoming citizens—once to fill out an application, next to stand examination by a judge on general fitness for citizenship, finally to take the oath of allegiance and receive the certificate of citizenship.



These privileges we treat so lightly arouse much envy and annoyance in other New Canadians. I think they will be resented in time. This will happen almost inevitably anyway. Post war British immigrants are heavily outnumbered by people from other countries. In 1958 for the first time, the British were not the largest single group entering the country. Italian immigrants outnumbered us by nearly two thousand. Although aliens are still not applying for citizenship in the numbers they should, they far outstrip Commonwealth arrivals. They are winning and exercising the right to stand for public office. Once in office they'll press for an end to inequalities.

I have talked to a number of United Kingdom settlers about citizenship. The apathy, ignorance and unwarranted pride I have met is appalling. Here are three typical reactions:

From an Englishman here three years: "I'm still not quite certain I'll stay, although I suppose I shall. I've been English for forty years and I'd think it demotion to swap my English passport for one of a junior member of the Commonwealth."

From an Ulsterman here eleven years: "But I thought we automatically became Canadian citizens after five years. Anyway I've already got a vote."

From another Englishman here six years: "I'm quite pleased with what I've accomplished here in Canada but I've no overwhelming urge to take out citizenship. As a matter of fact I think that would be bootlicking."

There is still a tendency for the British to congregate with their own kind. And we haven't the excuse of other immigrants who band together in communities. They don't speak the language of the country and often stick together for good economic reasons or to bolster each other's confidence.

New Canadians become citizens in the moving ceremony at Toronto city hall

Perhaps the British have the impression the Canadian government really doesn't expect them to take out citizenship. The policy of the government has always been not to pressure people into this step. They don't want conscripts. But they naturally hope and expect the gesture to be made. Members of the Citizenship Branch work quietly at "encouraging a fuller acceptance of citizenship responsibilities on the part of all Canadians." One official at the U.S.-Canadian border recently left a British immigrant of seven years standing red faced and speechless. The latter had just come back from a holiday in the U.S. The official looked at the man's papers and said chidingly, "You could be a Canadian citizen, you know."

It's a mistake not to make British immigrants attend citizenship courts for at least the oath taking. I attended the ceremony in Toronto some weeks ago. The court was packed with fifty three prospective citizens, their friends and relatives. Most of them were wearing their Sunday best — some men wore heavy suits despite a sweltering eighty-seven degrees outside. Other things showed the importance these people attached to the occasion: the trembling hands of an applicant, one caressed the other on the stack of three Bibles; the emotion which made another speechless, so the judge had to help him through the oath; the three people — two women and a man — who had practiced so often they took the oath looking not at the printed card but at the picture of the Queen behind the judge; the reverent, church-like silence throughout the fifty minute ceremony; the absence of restlessness among participants and observers.

The solemnity was added to by the serious mien and official robes of the judge and clerk of the court. One knew that although this is sometimes a thrice-daily affair for them it never loses its significance. Color was provided by two

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(Advertisement)

From across Canada a small group of dedicated people journeyed to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island last month (Sept. 16-18) to further a programme they term "Hope Unlimited." This small group represent the thousands of parents and friends of the mentally retarded who have organized into some local Associations for Retarded Children. And these associations in turn are providing the special schools, the recreational facilities, the training, counselling and research facilities that are broadening the horizons for some half million mentally retarded citizens of Canada. Organized spontaneously in recent years these local associations have proved already just how much can be accomplished at local level to alleviate the problems of the retarded three per cent of our population. Collectively through provincial associations and through the Canadian Association for Retarded Children they are now broadening the horizons for the mentally retarded with giant strides. At Charlottetown last month they said again and again that "The mentally retarded can be helped." That is the "Hope Unlimited"

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Its Goodness Never Varies

RCMP constables in full uniform flanking the judge. The finale came when all stood and full-throatedly sang O Canada and God Save the Queen. Attendance at such a ceremony might give some of the potential citizenry a glimpse of the value of citizenship.

The government itself must be blamed for some of the apathy toward official integration. Although the Citizenship Branch does its best to spread the gospel there are only ten citizenship offices in Canada. The editor of a foreign language paper I spoke to complained that government advertising on citizenship had stopped. "The Government used to put advertising in all foreign language papers — would explain when people would be ready for citizenship — what they should do."

Why confine advertising to foreign language papers anyway? Why not put the case of citizenship to the public at large and let moral pressure go to work?

The employer of New Canadian labor is sometimes another minor villain of the piece. Many New Canadians wait for their summer holidays to take the Oath because this saves them loss of wages. If employers encouraged citizenship by paying employees during their court appearances, over-all registration would almost certainly go up. And the yearly pattern of attendance would level out. Most employers wouldn't miss the few extra dollars but the money might make all the difference to those who hold back because ten dollars means half a week's groceries for the family.

If we wait long enough our children will settle the integration problem. But parents should be setting the pace and example.

At all events I think it is time a lot of us put up or got out. If Canada is the country for us, let us say so in the most positive way. If Canadian citizenship isn't as good as that of the country we left behind, why don't we go back there?

At the end of the oath-taking ceremony I attended Judge W. M. Cory made a short speech. It has application for all New Canadians and perhaps some of the old Canadians too. He said:

"Citizenship is the highest honor a nation can confer upon an individual who has not been born into this heritage. Without citizenship much else is meaningless. There is no country in the world of which its citizens have a greater reason to be proud than Canada. There are older countries. There are larger countries, but no country holds today a higher place in the esteem of other nations. As Canadians we belong to each other and our future success depends on the unity with which we work together for the common good." ★

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

I cannot refrain from writing to you about "The day the Queen resigned" by Charles Spencer (Aug. 29). It is so very far below your usual standard and also is so silly and stupid and in such bad taste. How *could* you even let this article be published? — HUGH MATHEWSON, ZARAUZ, SPAIN

✔ Have just read it for the third time and am still chuckling. — M. WHEELER, MONTREAL

✔ It is exactly the sort of yarn I had been hoping for all summer. — W. A. HORNE, OTTAWA

✔ I was getting a terrific kick from it as a glorious spoof but the last four paragraphs spoiled it. I got serious quick. As an average American I can say we want no part of Canada except as businessmen working with Canadian and European businessmen as we have it now. — MRS. J. CHADY, MORRIS, ILL.

Government freeloaders

As usual the editorial staff allows Blair Fraser to belabor the one black sheep out of ninety nine unduly (Is unemployment here to stay? Aug. 29). If you want to discuss freeloading, then let us discuss all freeloading. I ask you to discuss the work record of the Senate. How many hours did every one of our senators put in for his or her ten thousand dollars? Perhaps the few freeloaders one sees at the unemployment office are self-made small time senators who feel that an income without labor is a fine thing.

What's the standing army done since the war except wait for its collective pension? In any case, a country dedicated

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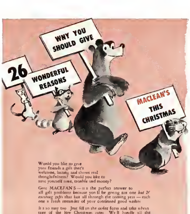

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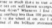
to peace has no need for an army or a navy or an air force. Come clean now, how many air vice marshals, brigadiers and admirals and police commissioners are dining high on the melt thousand dollar pension hog? At the age of fifty three yet?

Let's stop clowning—you've sold your papers and Blair Fraser has been paid and that is really all there is to Canadian journalism isn't it? — H. J. GIEBRECHT, SARNIA, ONT

Are women scapegoats?

I thoroughly enjoyed Robert Paul Smith's article Why does everybody pick on women? (Sept 12) How did he manage to write so much that's so true and yet leave out our well known scapegoat, the woman driver? Whenever I find myself being anything less than 100 percent efficient at the wheel of our car I am reminded of the brilliant statement: "A



woman driver is one who drives like a man and gets blamed for it." — MRS P. D. R. GELDART, OTTAWA

✓ In his conclusion he mentions those women who forsake the home to prove their superiority to their husbands; did he talk with any of these wives? Perhaps he would discover that in these homes the wives' sense of domestic pride is either ignored or badly trampled—MRS J. D. TROUSE, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

✓ I only hope there may be others of my sex who agree that the delightful Mr Smith's slip is showing — he's afraid of losing the time honored male prerogative of being the only parent who stays away from home long enough to be greeted with cries of joy on his return! — MRS PAMELA MOORE, SEATTLE, WASH

Magog still unmoved

Since when has Magog, in the heart of the Eastern Townships, been moved into the Laurentian district? (Preview, Aug. 29) — MISS DORIS SAICE, SHERBROOKE, QUE

✓ I object ... — MRS SIDNEY J. KISSER, TORONTO

✓ I deplore ... — A. D. LESLIE, MAGOG, QUE

✓ Do not try to displace it — W. J. DELISLE, DORVAL, QUE

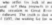
✓ You *do* know where the Laurentians are do you not? — MISS A. M. ENGLAND, SUTTON, QUE

✓ Shows you what these upheavals in the earth's crust do when they cause a town to slip 100 miles out of place. — F. H. A. COLLINS, GANGES, B.C.

Latest (and final) score 27 chiding corrections

Dr Patkin, pro and con

As a medical laboratory technologist since 1935 I feel qualified to offer some comments on the article by Dr Harry Patkin, The Tragic Failure of Organized Medicine (Sept 12). This article written in a verbose emotional style which recalls the woolly productions of the Fabian Socialists uses an established left wing technique — namely to set up an Aunt Sally (in this case "organized medicine") without any clear definition of the term, and then to hurl condemnation and diatribe in the belief that the readers lack the detailed knowledge to see the flaws and half truths in the argument. Many of the flowery phrases of the article do not bear the slightest critical inspection ... Dr Patkin expresses great concern about "people walking the streets today who suffer for lack of medical treatment" and then proceeds to imply that the situation in Great Britain is vastly different. The truth is that at the end of 1957, the waiting list for admis-



sion to hospital was 440,000. The average waiting time for admission to hospital for ear, nose and throat surgery was 135 days, and for gynecology 73 days. — L. O. MELLOR, SUDBURY, ONT

✓ I note that these arguments originate with the doctors not the people needing medical assistance. I have yet to find one person opposed to a national health plan but I have found many doctors opposing such a plan. The people are not complaining that in a national health scheme they cannot choose the doctor they wish to attend them. They want medical attention without having to mortgage their future and reduce themselves to penury — R. L. STEWART, CALGARY, ALTA.

✓ Dr Patkin hit the nail on the head — MRS. JAMES LESLIE, VALLEYVIEW, ALTA

✓ ... sensible and courageous ... — ALEXANDER WITTENBERG, QUEBEC CITY

✓ Would you be good enough to put on your cover a title adding only one little word that means a great deal more justice towards the medical profession? An MD speaks out: How our doctors are *not* letting us down. — DR. E. J. VERREAU, EDMONTON

✓ The Canadian public now owes to Dr Harry Patkin a debt of deep gratitude for what, perhaps, is an awakening in Canada to the need of this country for a modern national health policy. Did Prince Philip apply the thin edge of the wedge in his recent address to the CMA? — ALAN RUDPATH, LANCASTER, N.B.

✓ I am speaking as a private citizen and practicing physician and not as a spokesman for organized medicine. In my opinion there are two fallacies in Dr Patkin's thinking that should not be left unexposed. First he leaves the impression that payment of medical fees constitutes a burden for many persons in Canada. This is quite untrue. There are undoubtedly a few individual cases where the purchase of a luxury commodity is postponed in order to pay a medical fee but these cases are the exception. It is true that sickness exerts a terrible burden. This is mainly because of loss of income while one is ill and partly because of hospital expenses. The latter is now removed in most provinces and the former is being alleviated by various means. The second fallacy is that "state medicine" can be accomplished without at the same time bringing about "state everything else." — W. J. ROBERTSON, MD, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT

✓ Has Dr Patkin taken a look at medical insurance costs and taxes lately? Medical insurance in Ontario costs the same now as under the old plan! The major part of the increase in taxes can be assumed to give the extra coverage. At the rate of fifty five dollars a year I would rather take a chance on my need of a wig in some forty years from now. Mr Aneurin Bevan notwithstanding. Let's not go overboard for socialized medicine when the root of the problem is economic and health education. — G. A. MORLEY, SUDBURY, ONT

✓ Many thanks ... On this dollar mad continent it is hard to find people with a true sense of service. — WM. A. SMITH, LONDON, ONT

✓ Bravo Dr Patkin! — NAN PATTERSON PRINGLE, LONDON, ONT

✓ I have heard doctors speak privately and in public advancing arguments against state medicine in Ontario. I have yet to hear a sound argument against the principle. All opposing arguments can be traced to selfishness and greed. — G. C. PARKER, SUSSINCH, ONT

✓ I suspect that the public relations between the physicians and people across Canada will hit a new low. I am led to wonder if you sir dropped that one with your tongue in your cheek. — E. COSTER, MD, HAMILTON, ONT ★

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CANADIANECDOTE

The song that everybody claimed

George Washington Johnson was a schoolteacher at Glanford, a small mill town near Hamilton, Ont., in the mid nineteenth century.

He fell in love with beautiful fair-haired Margaret Clark, a young pupil and daughter in the house where he boarded.

For four years her parents opposed a love that bloomed in the classroom and was nurtured with clandestine kisses beside a creaky old mill in a green grove skirting Twenty Mile Creek.

The prosperous Clarks felt the part-Irish, part-Mohawk Indian pedagogue was too old and married for their eldest daughter.

Johnson left Glanford to win success as a newspaper editor in Buffalo and Cleveland and returned to win Maggie Clark as his bride. When they wed in 1864 she was 22 and he was 26.

A year later she was dead, a victim of typhoid fever. But their classic tale of idyllic but tragic love lived on in the poem George Washington Johnson gave his bride as a wedding present.

He called it "When you and I were young, Maggie." Millions of lovers have since claimed his token of devotion and emotion as their own.

"When you and I were young, Maggie" was published in a book of Johnson's poems after Maggie's death and in 1866 J. A. Butterfield of Detroit set the poem to music. Johnson later claimed Butterfield got rich from Maggie's sales. Johnson never made a penny from the song.

This is typical of the paradoxes, doubts and confusions surrounding the poetic memorial to young Maggie Clark.

For two years in the early Thirties a battle raged between the Hamilton Chapter of the Native Sons of Canada and a Tennessee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which claimed Maggie's Mill, Maggie's love and Maggie's song were all products of the Deep South.

Henry Ford nearly bought a Tennessee mill because he thought it was the one mentioned in the song.

Scotland once claimed "Maggie" originated there because the song gained its earliest popularity among the Scots.

Maggie's memorial in a civic rock garden west of Hamilton is a stone from a grist mill. Most historians agree Maggie's mill was a saw mill.

And perhaps with the passing of years even George Washington Johnson became doubtful and confused by the emotions of his youth.

He's buried in Hamilton Cemetery beside the body of his third wife.

— TED HOLLETT

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MACLEAN'S
THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
See page 103 for details

London Letter

continued from page 10

"Westropp says labor-saving devices have turned Canadian women into domestic dictators"

quite remarkably selfish and parochial.

"If you talk about Britain," he says, "you are met with various degrees of polite boredom. Somewhere in the pit of their stomachs Canadians have a feeling for what they call The Old Country but although it is deep-rooted it can only be stirred up by a Hitler or a Kaiser Wilhelm." Then he goes on to say that the term "Old Country" however applies to Britain as a whole and is not to be confused with the love of Scotland which burns bright in every Canadian home blessed with a Scottish ancestry. Not mind you that Canadian Scots have any particular desire to return and reside in their native heather but they do feel a pride—a kind of homesick longing—which can only be appeased by bagpipes, kilts, Burns Nights and Gaelic Societies.

Personally I am not very much impressed by this Caledonian outburst. Unlike Mr. Westropp I can claim Scottish descent and am actually a Macmillan clansman and entitled to wear the kilt. But just because the Scot is a first-class organizer do not forget that it was the sea-going Englishmen who sailed into the unknown and founded the world-wide empire that changed the whole destiny of civilization.

My complaint against Mr. Westropp is that he fails to appreciate the intangible threads which bind the British family of nations into an indestructible unity. That is why Toronto with its Americanized façade seems farthest away from the British concept whereas actually it is closest to Britain in spirit.

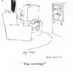
Now however we must examine the charge that the author makes against Canadian women in general. He begins this theme with an interesting and even arresting challenge.

"The two great groups in Canada consist first of women and secondly of French Canadians."

No one can deny Mr. Westropp's contention that women in Canada and the U.S.A. are a powerful force even if we do not agree with him that there may soon come a revolution in which enraged husbands will suddenly band together and decide one Saturday night to go home and give their better halves a piece of their minds.

Certainly the progressive disappearance of the domestic servant plus the labor-saving devices have tended to turn wives into domestic dictators — albeit benevolent dictators. The matriarchy of women is a comparatively modern development and there is no question that the fading art of domestic help has intensified the self-importance of women—and logically so.

"Canadian women meeting in convention," says the author, "are formidable beyond measure. Well groomed, well preserved, well dressed, they meet to put the world to rights and the menfolk firmly in their places. It is no joke I can tell you." Then he continues: "With the more puritanical church leaders in Canada the women have brought havoc to the licensing laws of the Dominion and



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I timidly suggest have thereby caused more drunkenness than you will ever see in a country which has a more liberal approach to the citizen who likes his pint of beer when the sun is over the yard."

Thus with a flourish of his pen Mr Westropp says that in Canada the people tend to do the same things in the same way—to give the same kind of parties join the same kind of clubs and send their children to the same schools. In other words they conform

This is not only unfair but is sheer balderdash Does Mr Westropp think that in Britain the people do not conform? The cocktail party is as much a part of English social life as it is in North America even if the voices are not quite so vibrant

And what in blazes does he mean by saying that parents send their children to the same schools? Where else would they send them Has he never heard of people in England sending their sons to the same public school as their fathers?

It would be less than fair to the author if I made it seem that his book deals only with the surface of Canadian social and domestic life. His story of how Prime Minister Macdonald in 1880 took the bold decision to push ahead with plans for the first Trans-Continental railway is a thrilling reminder of what we owe our forefathers

A majestic scene

From that point the book begins to take a different form. It is as if the author discovered an unmapped road and found a Canada that he never suspected. Like every man of sensitivity visiting *French* Canada he feels the awe and the miracle that created a bilingual unity out of two races that had warred against each other through the centuries

He reminds us too of the British Loyalists after the American revolution who swarmed into the Maritimes and gave strength and purpose to the emerging Canada of the future.

Not unnaturally Mr Westropp tells us the familiar but stirring story of how Lord Beaverbrook a son of the Manse in New Brunswick, has become the great benefactor of the Maritimes And which of us who were lucky enough to be born in Canada can deny that the character tenacity and courage of the Maritime population have produced national and world leaders of outstanding character?

Too much of Mr Westropp's writing deals with superficial reactions yet when the last page is read and you place the volume with old friends on the library shelves you feel that despite his criticisms and harsh appraisals of Canadian society he has at least come under the spell of the oceans, the prairies and the mountains which give majesty to the scene

Mr Westropp is not a voluptuary of language but his imperfect book grips the reader despite its defects Once more I feel the urge to revisit the country of my birth.

Mr Westropp may be only a financial editor but somewhere in his tidy mind there is an incipient poet ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Moral: never forget to write your wife

In this issue Maclean's begins publication of one of the most absorbing and revealing books of military reminiscence since Caesar's Commentaries

For more than four years during and slightly after the Second World War Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke was chairman of the British Chiefs of Staff Committee He was officially the head of all the armed forces of the United Kingdom as well as unofficially but in fact the head of all the armed forces of Canada and the rest of the Commonwealth

In *The Turn of the Tide* a book widely praised throughout the world the eminent historian Sir Arthur Bryant used Alanbrooke's diaries and reflections to cover the first eighteen months of Alanbrooke's term as Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Now in a second volume to be published soon by Collins under the title *Triumph in the West* Bryant and Alanbrooke cover the remaining three years, including the last two of the war The volume of which Maclean's herewith begins exclusive publication in Canada ranges through the period of the Cairo, Teheran, Second Quebec Second Moscow Malta Yalta and Potsdam Conferences, the expulsion of the Germans from Italy the liberation of France and the Low Countries, the Rhineland and the German surrender It covers too a world tour immediately after the war in the course of which Alanbrooke met such diverse figures as Pope Pius XII King Ibn Saud Farouk of Egypt, and General Douglas MacArthur

Maclean's has excerpted its first installment of *Triumph in the West* as a series of anecdotes and observations of the powerful and fascinating people Alanbrooke met worked with and occasionally fought against during his remarkable and almost unmatched career When he set them down his frank and searching diary entries were intended only for the eyes of his wife Fortunately he was persuaded to release most of them for publication and they constitute a day-to-day record of the making of the Western Alliance's strategy as seen through the eyes of one of its principal architects

Its publication will continue in the next issue of Maclean's

Alanbrooke and the charming Lady for whom he kept the diaries that are such a vivid record of the Western Alliance's strategy

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What next—"instant" operations?

Canadian hospitals certainly keep up with the times. A hospital in Ottawa even offers curb service. The delighted recipient was a recent patient who while convalescing at home had to be driven back to the hospital every week by her husband and trundled inside in a wheelchair to have a blood sample taken. The drive-in service started last visit when an obliging lab technician hustled out with her little tray and did the job right in the family car.

* * *

At Vancouver General it's fringe benefits to lure student nurses—such as handsomely furnished "courting rooms" in which the probies can entertain their boy friends. These cozy little alcoves offer everything young folks in love could ask including the privacy of a folding door. There's only one drawback—when fully unfolded the doors are a foot short of closing the doorway.

* * *

Hospitals can even be employed for accident prevention, though seldom in as indirect a fashion as that used by a village near Chatham, N.B. Says a sign on the outskirts: "Welcome to Loggieville. Drive slow. No hospital."

* * *

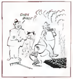
It's a long time since Parade featured a double bill on a theatre marquee because we suspect cynically a lot of theatre managers choose their pictures just for the way the titles clash. But we've got to credit the manager of the Revue neighborhood theatre in Toronto for the longest (and most topical) reach yet: From Earth to the Moon and Home Before Dark.

* * *

Well past midnight a woman in Toronto was still being kept awake by voices coming from a parked car in the alley below her apartment window. She called police and looked out the window to await results, which came with amazing speed. She heard a rather metallic voice saying, "Calling car such and such investigate parked car creating a disturbance in lane at the rear of ——." Then she heard a more natural voice saying "That's pretty near —— that's right here. But that's us!" Except for a police cruiser stealing as quietly as possible into the night the silence was complete.

* * *

Residents of graveled streets in Roxboro, Que., were delighted when the streets were black-topped recently and people watched the whole process with great interest. Neatest trick came the day the road crew knocked off for a corn roast—roasting the corn in its husks by pouring hot asphalt over the cobs, then quickly fishing them out again with rakes.



* * *

An intriguing fashion note from the Maritimes is reported by an Ontario couple who motored down there recently. On the wharf in Margaretsville, N.S., one evening they saw a young woman warding off the cool Fundy breezes with a fur stole. The fur she held around her neck was raccoon and the coon was still alive in it.

* * *

Two nine-year-olds in Regina were solemnly following a bloody shooting affray during their favorite TV western. When it was all over one of them declared: "Wyatt Earp never gets killed." After a moment's silence the other replied in hushed tones, "No—he's a legend."

* * *

Storewide bargains produced a day of real frenzy in one of Toronto's biggest stores and at 5.30 an exhausted salesgirl was filling out what she fervently hoped was the last order of the day. She paused to wipe a wisp of hair out of her eyes as she wrote down the customer's name and then her address. The salesgirl murmured distractedly "It's a madhouse, isn't it?"

"No," said the customer tartly. "It's a private home."

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